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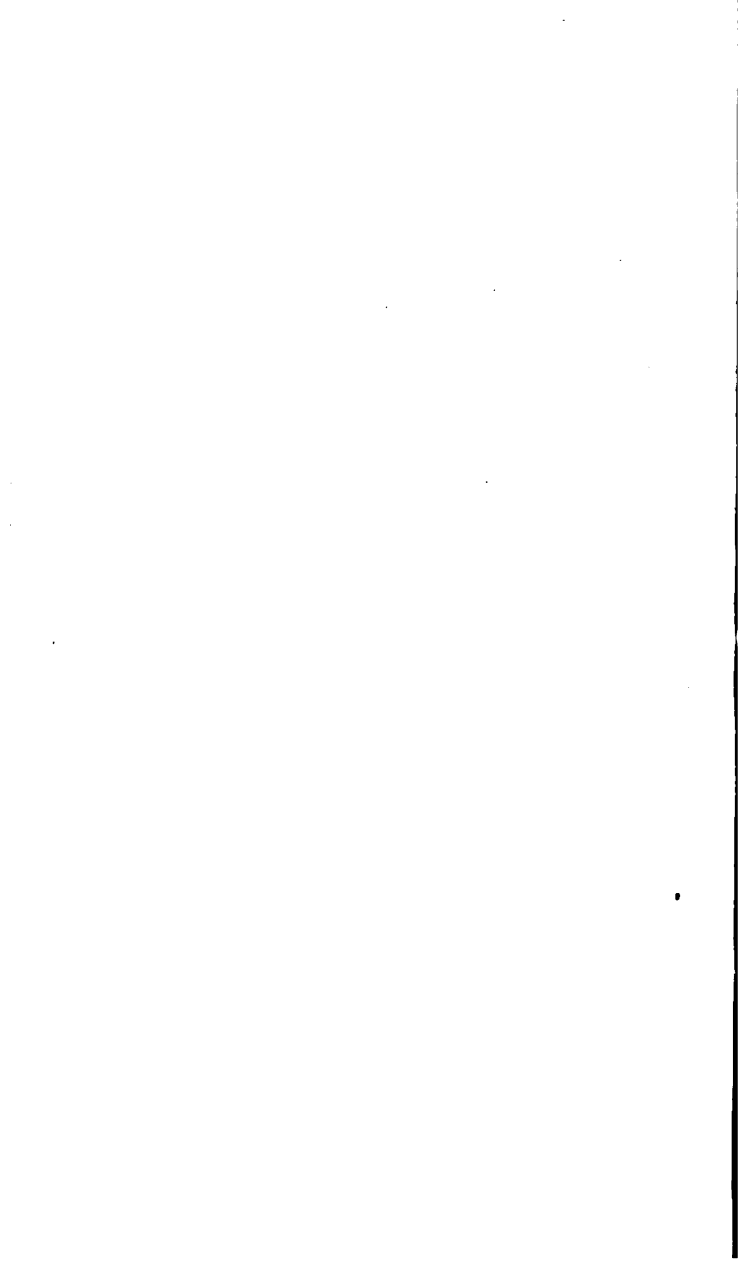


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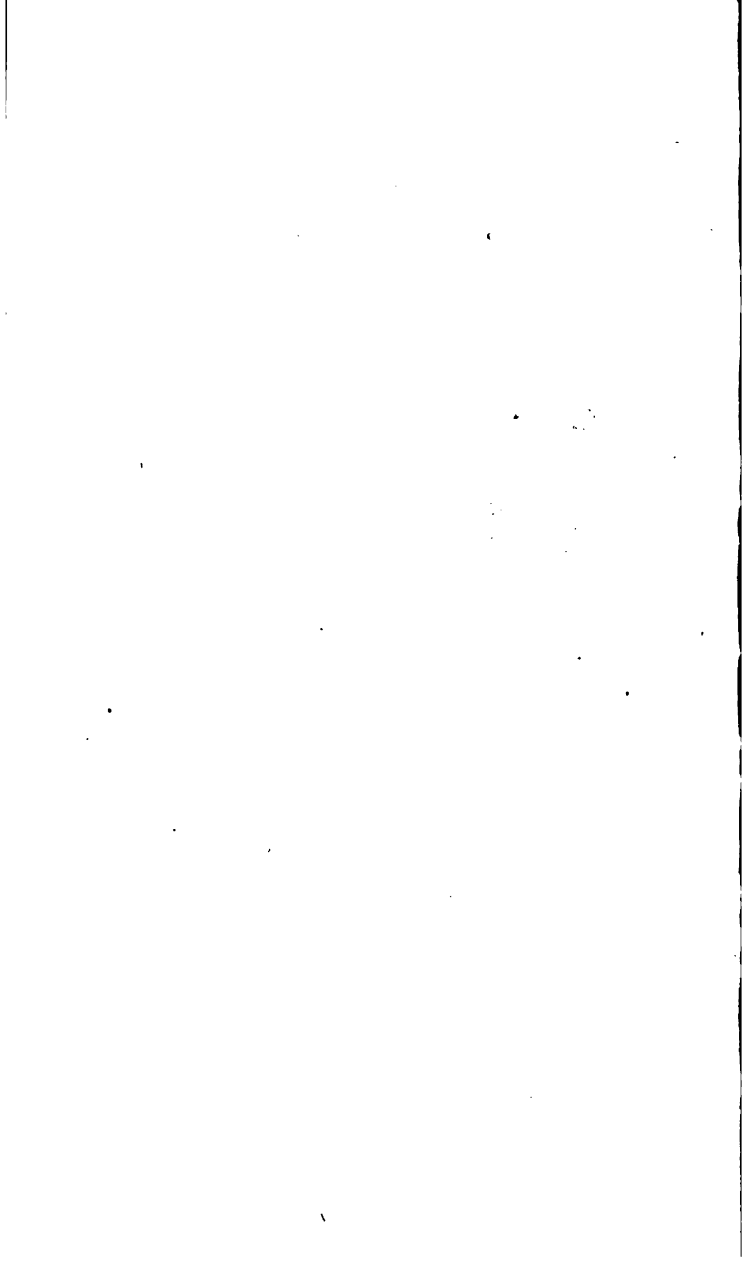




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**EIGHTY**  
**ORIGINAL POEMS;**

**SECULAR AND SACRED,**

**AND CHIEFLY ADAPTED**

**TO THE TIMES.**

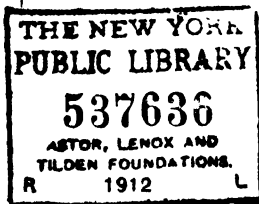
**BY** *O. C.*

**JOHN McNAIR, D. D.**

Where little's said,  
'Tis sooner read—  
If read by few,  
Or none at all,  
'Tis well we've made  
The book so small.

**AUTHOR.**

**LANCASTER, PA.:**  
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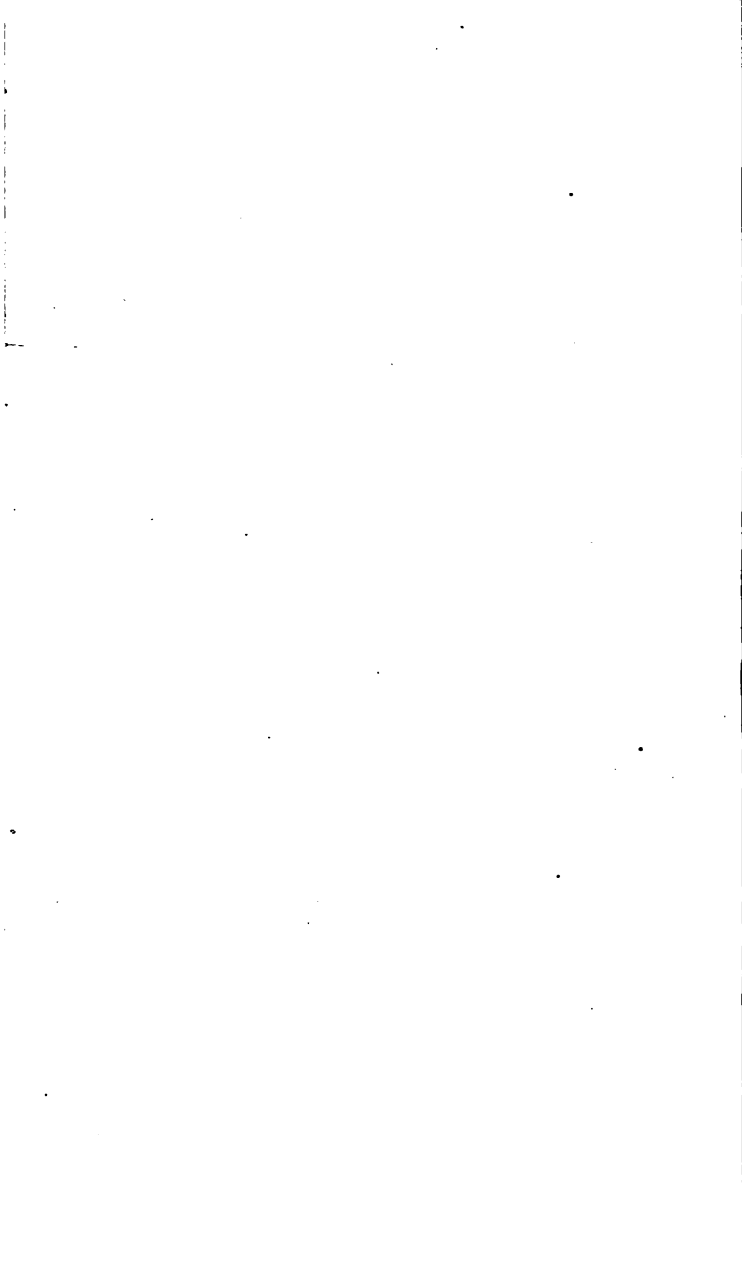
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## P R E F A C E .

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To POESY we lay no claim—  
( 'Twere well if others did the same,) J  
But, somehow, as we wrote at leisure,  
These lines assum'd the form of measure.  
If we've made verse that's pure and chaste,  
Well suited to the public taste,  
Pray take it all, and more to boot—  
Concerning taste we'll not dispute.  
But if it be about the sense,  
You feel disturb'd and take offence,  
We freely yield to such displeasure—  
We'll take the sense, and you the measure.  
To prove the thing as false or true,  
Just read this little volume through;  
Perhaps both sense and sound may be  
United in the poetry.

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2  
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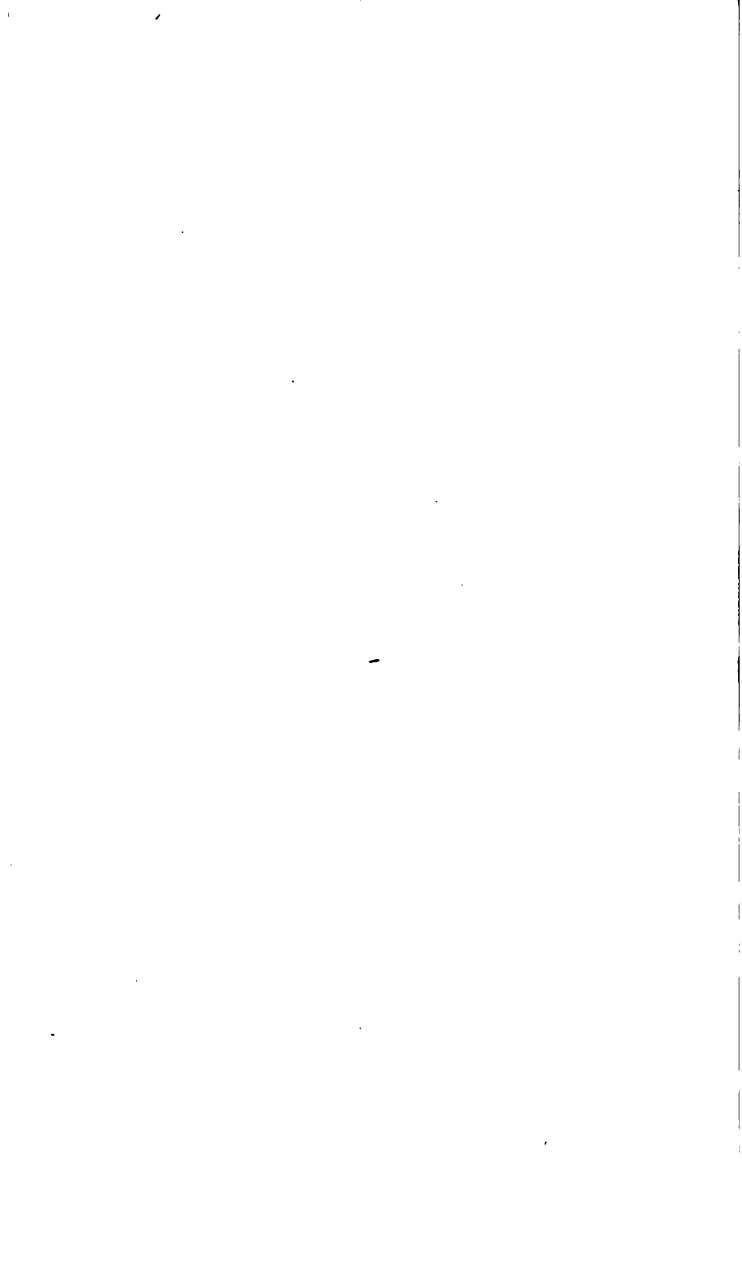
# PART I.

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THE design here is to bring to view certain rare men, in whose life or death is something peculiar, and therefore worthy to be censured or celebrated in verse.

1. THE ECCENTRIC STATESMAN.
2. THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.
3. ODE TO WASHINGTON.
4. THE REGIMENT THAT WENT FOR THE FEE AND NOT FOR THE FIELD.
5. BRAVE STALWART MEN.
6. GARIBALDI AND THE POPE.





## THE ECCENTRIC STATESMAN.

"Great in life, but fallen in death."

A curious man resided once  
In old Virginia State;  
Some took him for a practic'd dunce,  
But others thought him great.  
He lived completely at his ease,  
Remote from noise and strife,  
Amid the lonely forest trees,  
Almost a hermit's life.  
Sometimes he read his chosen books—  
Sometimes expounded law,  
As strange a creature in his looks  
As mortals ever saw.  
The prince of all eccentric folks,  
Was curious John of Roanokes.

He went to Congress many years,  
And sat in chair of State,  
Among the foremost of his peers  
He was supremely great.  
His voice was bold, but sharp and shrill—  
His face was lean and long,  
And when he spoke, the house was still,  
And mute as mice the throng.  
He sometimes play'd the statesman fair—  
He sometimes play'd the clown,

But officers and others there  
Loud cheer'd when he sat down.  
A brighter genius never spoke,  
Than curious John of Roanoke.

When, having neither Greek nor grace,  
Some coxcomb thought to rise,  
John put him nicely to his place  
And taught him to be wise.  
When any one was in the dark,  
He gave him wanted light;  
Or if the dupe espous'd the wrong,  
He quickly set him right.  
He was a man of keenest wit—  
Of happiest humor too,  
To answer him in manner fit,  
No mortal man could do.  
He'd play at whist, drink wine and smoke,  
The curious John of Roanoke.

His tongue was sharp as adder's sting—  
His eye was bright as fire,  
When he his wrath began to fling,  
Men sunk beneath his ire.  
When he arose in Congress days,  
Some folly to deride,  
The house resounded with his praise,  
Drawn out from every side.  
He spoke and then the work was done—  
They wanted nothing more;  
The members laugh'd and had their fun,  
But none would take the floor.  
All fear'd to meet the vengeful strokes  
Of Master John of Roanokes.

A Clay could hold the largest crowd,  
 All subject to his will,  
 But Randolph's voice both fierce and loud,  
 Made Clay himself be still.  
 A Webster had a giant mind  
 Glowing with light and fire,  
 But still he never felt inclin'd  
 To kindle Randolph's ire.  
 He shrunk not from his arguments—  
 He cared not for his fun,  
 But yet he uniformly fear'd  
 The lashes of his tongue.  
 We've had our men of eloquence—  
 We've had our men of lore—  
 We've had great men in every sense,  
 Upon the Congress floor,  
 But for strange wit in court and hall,  
 This curious John excell'd them all.

His eloquence was fine indeed,  
 When (heated in debate)  
 He spoke at time of special need  
 In interest of the State.  
 From fear of man at once set free,  
 His voice would swell so loud,  
 It roll'd in tones of majesty,  
 Like thunder from the cloud.  
 He made the knees of listeners quake,  
 And, trembling, seize their hands—  
 He made the marble pillars shake  
 On which the State House stands.  
 He made their cheeks run down with tears—  
 He made their passions burn  
 With kindling wrath—with jealousies—

**THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.**

With love and hate in turn.  
A prodigy and not a hoax,  
Was curious John of Roanokes.  
  
But when his earthly course was run,  
How sad was his decease!  
No glory cloth'd his evening sun  
To bid him die in peace.  
Remote from turmoil, noise and strife,  
He mourn'd his follies loud,  
When lo! his sun, so bright in life,  
Now set behind a cloud.  
His eyes in lurid wildness roll'd—  
Despair was on his brow,  
And this the dreadful story told  
Of what the man was now.  
“Remorse!” again “Remorse!” he cried,  
And thus this brilliant Statesman died.

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**THE MURDERED PRESIDENT.**

Amid the crowded theatre  
The President was found,  
Unconscious of his danger there  
From murderers lurking round.  
O, why a man so strict as he,  
Should theatres allow,  
Remains indeed a mystery  
We can't decipher now.  
  
Or why a man discreet as he,  
Should venture there that night,

Remains another mystery  
Far hid from human sight.  
But while it was at evil time,  
Yet there he doubtless went  
Intent upon some good design,  
And not for merriment.

The action on the stage began  
With fascinating power,  
Which held the fondly listening house,  
Enchanted for an hour.  
Sometimes the actors nobly spoke—  
Sometimes they sweetly sung,  
Till all the joyful theatre  
With loud applauses rung.

But yet through all this pleasure spell,  
Strange voices in the ear  
Seemed now and then to speak and tell  
Of threat'ning danger near.  
'Tis nine o'clock, a teller cried,  
With voice unusual quite—  
'Tis nine, a number more replied—  
'Tis nine o'clock at night.

The play went on, and more and more  
The tide of feeling rose,  
As each new scene was acted o'er  
From opening to the close.  
Again the tellers, true to time,  
Cried ten with one consent,  
But few that heard them could divine  
What this strange signal meant.

Some moments pass'd, then through the crowd  
A murd'rer rush'd along,

And soon a pistol sounding loud,  
Spread terror through the throng.  
The actors paus'd, when lo, a shriek  
Which every feeling shocks,  
Rose through the sounding theatre,  
From one partic'lar box.

It burst not from a stranger's lips  
But from his gentle wife  
Who saw her honor'd husband pierc'd,  
And trembled for his life.  
The President has fallen here,  
She said with fainting breath;  
'Tis over with him now, I fear  
He's doom'd to speedy death.

Yes—yes, he's slain, the murd'rer cried,  
These hands have done the deed;  
So through the nation, far and wide,  
Let every tyrant bleed.  
Ay, that the thing, twice told, was true,  
No doubt could now remain,  
Hence silently the crowd withdrew  
In anguish for the slain.

Forth from that dismal theatre  
(Some trembling yet with fright,)  
They bore the murder'd sage away,  
All mournful in the night.  
With many a pray'r sent up to God—  
With slow and solemn tread,  
They bore him on, while still the blood  
Was oozing from his head.

Around his couch his noble peers,  
With stricken hearts appear'd

And watch'd with generous flowing tears,  
The man they all rever'd.  
They watch'd his changing countenance—  
They watch'd his breathing too—  
They mark'd the beatings of his pulse  
As they grew faint and few.

They watch'd with anxious listening ears  
To hear him speak again,  
But while they watch'd with sighs and tears,  
They watch'd, alas! in vain.  
Before the sun of opening day  
Was risen in the East,  
The President had pass'd away—  
His mortal life had ceas'd.

Abroad the tidings quickly spread  
(Borne on by every gale,)   
Producing through Columbia  
One universal wail.  
The churches in deep mourning hung—  
There holy pray'rs were said,  
And weeping choirs their dirges sung  
In memory of the dead.

A welcome day of jubilee  
Was now, just now at hand,  
And loudest shouts of victory  
Were ringing through the land.  
Amid this burst of general joy  
The murderer appears  
And turns the joy to heaviness—  
The mirth to flowing tears.

Swift, swift the story sped away—  
From shore to shore it flew, .



Not only through Columbia,  
But through all Europe too.  
The kings and princes of the earth—  
The great men and the small  
Who knew this statesman's special worth,  
Now mourn'd his sudden fall.

Where dire oppression still obtains  
(If such a place there be,)  
The suff'ring captives in their chains  
Bewail'd the tragedy.  
They bitter wept, the good, the brave,  
The generous and the free—  
The man that toiled to give the slave  
His rightful liberty.

They felt this was a common cause—  
Hence all mankind should bow  
Before the sad calamity  
And be the mourners now.  
And while one blessed human friend  
Was number'd with the dead,  
They earnest pray'd that God would send  
Ten thousand in his stead.

Not where Potomac's waters run,  
But in the distant West  
Where his eventful life begun,  
They bore him to his rest.  
With solemn pomp, as it was meet,  
Along the crowded way  
They took him to that calm retreat  
To moulder in the clay.

And when the hour for burial come,  
It was the ransom'd slave

Who felt the deepest while he sung  
The requiem o'er his grave.  
There in his own adopted State,  
Hard by his chosen home,  
This martyr'd man, both good and great,  
Now slumbers in the tomb.

Lo, millions of the human race  
Through onward rolling years  
Will come and fond bedew this place  
With patriotic tears.  
And if time comes when men will not  
Revere his worthy name,  
Yet angels still will guard the spot  
Where sleeps this man of fame.

His murderer was sought and found  
And quick despatch'd withal;  
Just where he gave the mortal wound,  
There he receiv'd a ball.  
As reckless as a wretch could be  
And proud of shedding blood;  
This monster fell to infamy,  
Accurs'd of man and God.

Whate'er might be his blood or birth,  
He died as murd'ers do,  
And sunk to moulder in the earth,  
Far hid from human view.  
Till from before Jehovah's face,  
The old creation flies,  
But few will know the resting place  
Where this poor murd'rer lies.

As for the fallen President,  
It is but just to say

No murder black and foul like this  
Has happened in our day.  
But O, his work on earth was done—  
A work divinely blest;  
The fight was fought, the vict'ry won,  
And he retires to rest.

The change to him and us was great;  
We feel it to our cost,  
That from the service of the State  
So rare a man is lost.  
But what is our intrinsic loss  
Is his immortal gain;  
In life, he bore the heavy cross—  
In death, felt little pain.

No more the battle rages now—  
No more the foe withstands,  
The civic wreath is on his brow—  
The palm is in his hands.  
O, patriot father! freedom's son!  
Thy mighty work is o'er,  
Now rest thee like great Washington  
Till time shall be no more.

Thy wounded body, bright and fair,  
Will then immortal rise  
And everlasting honors wear,  
Methinks, in yonder skies.  
Farewell, farewell, illustrious man!  
Thy bright career is run;  
Few Statesmen in their wisdom can  
Excel what thou hast done.

## ODE TO WASHINGTON.

Great Washington lies fast asleep—  
No more to wake—no more to weep,  
Till on the last rewarding day,  
Ten thousands sleeping in the clay  
Awake, and all-immortal rise  
To live triumphant in the skies.  
Then he'll awake from long repose,  
And rise as He of Calv'ry rose,  
And shine, adorn'd with glory bright,  
Amid the boundless, fadeless light  
Of Heaven's supreme and blest abode,  
Hard seated by the throne of God.

But now he lies here full at rest,  
No cares distract his peaceful breast;  
He sleeps, the great, the good, the brave,  
All quiet in his lonely grave.  
No more in glitt'ring armor bright,  
He leads our armies to the fight;  
His voice is hushed—his last is breathed—  
His conquering sword's forever sheathed;  
His sun is set—his work is done,  
Earth has no more a Washington.  
He's gone to make for others room—  
He's gone in glory to the tomb.  
He sweetly sleeps the years away,  
While angels come, and angels stay  
To keep with special watchful care,  
The warrior's honor'd sepulchre.

Our hero needs this calm repose—  
This rest from cares and cruel foes.

He lived in time of greatest need,  
He had his cares and foes indeed.  
He saw the storm of war arise  
And spread around the darkened skies;  
He saw it o'er his country break,  
And felt her strongest pillars shake;  
Then forth he came, commander-chief,  
To breast the storm and work relief.

While war-clouds flash'd and thunder'd then,  
They sent a host of valiant men  
To undertake the fearful toil  
Of fighting on Canadian soil.  
Drawn there by an imperious call,  
They took St. Johns and Montreal;  
Then tried Quebec, and sad to tell,  
'Twas here that brave Montgomery fell.  
They wept his loss, then turn'd away  
To fight no more in Canada.

See yonder on Long Island strand,  
Where, nobly fighting hand to hand,  
Two thousand patriots, brave and free,  
Fell in support of liberty.  
Our chieftain, as historians say,  
Wept sorely on that battle day,  
To see his army torn and peel'd,  
And scatter'd o'er the crimson'd field—  
To see (while they'd not fought in vain)  
His best, his bravest warriors slain—  
The mighty fallen in their gore  
To rise and fight the foe no more.

How sad apparent was his fate  
When passing through New Jersey State;

His troops, discouraged, fled away,  
Supposing he had lost the day.  
Three thousand men were all that still  
Stood by their faithful General.  
With these, almost in sad despair,  
He cross'd the icy Delaware;  
Escaping capture, as 'twas meet,  
By rapid flight and long retreat.

While on the Pennsylvania shore,  
His force was doubled quite and more.  
With large recruits of valiant men,  
He sought the Jersey side again.  
He cross'd there in the dead of night,  
Prepared for bold and daring fight,  
And took the Hessians with a stroke,  
Just as the following morning broke.  
And ere six anxious days had pass'd,  
With flying flags and trumpet's blast,  
They stood on Princeton's famous height,  
And put the British host to flight.  
They smote them dreadful to the ground,  
And left them bleeding, dying round,  
Then raised to God and Heaven on high  
The thundering shout of victory.

Amidst the dangers of that time,  
He met the foe at Brandywine,  
And there engag'd in bloody fight,  
Beginning with the morning light.  
Nor would he once the conflict yield—  
Nor would he quit the battle-field  
Till evening shades came falling round  
And forced both armies from the ground.

'Twas here that Marquis Lafayette,  
With heart and mind on freedom set,  
With soul most brave and arm most strong,  
Appeared, to help our cause along.  
He came our interests to advance,  
With chosen warriors brought from France—  
He came our freedom to maintain,  
Though it should cost a martyr's name—  
He came with sympathizing heart,  
In all our woes to share a part—  
He came to either live or die  
In bold support of liberty.  
This man is to our nation dear,  
His name is fondly cherished here;  
Though others may their friends forget,  
We'll long remember Lafayette.

But let us turn to Germantown  
Where, looking still for fresh renown,  
Our nation, buoyant, thought to see  
Him gain immortal victory.  
Instead of this, a thing occur'd,  
The strangest far of which we've heard;  
Too strange to be accounted for  
In annals of Columbian war.  
When fighting hardest, lo, just then!  
There fell upon our struggling men  
A mist so great they could not see  
How to engage the enemy.  
Fill'd with confusion and with fright,  
The army broke amidst the fight.  
Some thought it was from God, and meet  
To sound aloud a quick retreat.  
Some still fought on and tried again,

But all their efforts now were vain;  
They felt it to their grief and cost,  
The fortune of the day was lost.  
When this engagement first begun,  
The vict'ry hailed to Washington,  
And all suppos'd beyond a doubt,  
He would the British forces rout  
And drive them scatter'd, torn, and peel'd,  
Wild flying from the battle-field.  
But ere one single hour had pass'd,  
The prospect was so overcast  
With clouds and gloom, that all could see  
Their foes would gain the victory.  
'Twas thus the battle took a turn,  
Which made the General's bowels yearn  
To see, as to the charges led,  
His veteran soldiers falling dead—  
To see the chargers, bold and staid,  
Repuls'd at every charge they made—  
To see the foe, at every round,  
Still farther, faster, gaining ground,  
And hear from British trumpets peal'd  
The notes of triumph o'er the field.  
It was a luckless change indeed,  
Which made a thousand bosoms bleed  
To see what seem'd at first complete,  
Now tending to a sad defeat—  
To see what seem'd before so fair,  
Now closing up in fallure there.

Well he remembers Monmouth, too,  
How fierce the whistling bullets flew  
From side to side on that great day,  
So glorious to Columbia.



Well he remembers how they came,  
Firm marching to the battle game—  
How quick and constant was the fire  
Of armies meeting in their ire—  
How fearful was the vivid blaze  
Of battle bursting to the gaze  
Of angels looking from their height,  
Amaz'd and trembling at the sight.  
Well he remembers how the sound  
Of musket volleys shook the ground—  
How loud and louder—more and more  
Roll'd on the cannon's dismal roar,  
Till o'er that shaking, quaking plain  
Lay fathers, sons, and kindred slain;  
All perished in their blood and gore,  
Now fallen to arise no more!  
And when the evening sun was set,  
They urg'd the conflict fiercer yet.  
"Fight on," was the commanding word,  
And so they did; with sword to sword;  
The earth resounding with the peal  
Of steel loud ringing upon steel—  
Each man contending at his best,  
Each soldier bleeding at his breast,  
And all resolved the day to gain,  
Or die upon that gory plain.  
At length, the darkness of the night  
Compell'd the hosts to quit the fight.  
The British fled with awe profound,  
From off the blood-stain'd battle ground:  
But Washington continued there,  
Not conquer'd, but the conqueror!  
Prepar'd, as soon as morning came,  
To fight again in freedom's name;

And gain, if it should needful be,  
Another glorious victory.

'Twas thus, with patriot feelings warm,  
He breasted long the dreadful storm.  
He saw it rise, he saw it fall,  
He met it at his Country's call—  
He bore it on from year to year,  
'Mid interchanging hope and fear—  
He bore it when it awful burst,  
And, wild and raging, did its worst  
In battles fought on many a field,  
To make our patriot chieftain yield.  
He bore it till it pass'd away  
Exhausted from Columbia,  
And brought what millions waited for—  
The end of this unseemly war.\*  
Then up he rais'd his cheerful eye,  
And saw around a tranquil sky.  
Now all was beauteous and serene,  
Without a cloud to intervene.  
The thunder peals had ceased to roar,  
The flashing lightning play'd no more,  
The storm roll'd off far to the East,  
And all its mighty roaring ceased,  
And this immortal patriot band,  
Who so long suffer'd for their land,  
Beheld her now, both great and free—  
Establish'd in her liberty.

At length, when half his life was spent,  
They made him the first President  
Of that great country he had blest

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\*A war between kindred and brothers.

With holy peace and wonted rest.  
He was its friend and father, too,  
Still ready in his place to do  
Whatever might be just and wise  
To make her wondrous in the eyes  
Of all the nations of the earth—  
A new republic great in birth,  
The foremost mortals ever saw  
In force of arms, in love of law,  
In science, trade, and all beside,  
Which fosters generous, noble pride—  
A land of every good possessed,  
Far spreading to the distant west,  
A land of high undying name,  
A land of great, prodigious fame—  
A land where mightiest works are done,  
The land of God and Washington.

Had he been like Napoleon Third,  
And ask'd the thing, though most absurd,  
They would have found a way somehow  
To put a crown upon his brow.  
They would have bold proclaimed him king,  
And made these States United ring  
With myriads loudly shouting for  
Great Washington as Emperor.  
Instead of this, he nobly stood  
Decided for the public good;  
He went with head and heart and hand  
For a Republic in the land.  
He would not live in high estate,  
He would not be a potentate;  
He bade his army all, Farewell,  
The soldier and the General.

He bid them haste to private life,  
And keep remote from noise and strife;  
He bid them seek, while they should live,  
The blessings peace and freedom give.  
He handed back his glitt'ring sword  
To that great nation he ador'd;  
He bid them keep it in their sight,  
Suspended high and shining bright,  
And use it, as their need should be,  
In brave defence of liberty.  
He was a man of humblest mind—  
He every public post 'resign'd,  
And meekly took his place again  
Among the private sons of men;  
And there he lived, and there he died,  
Close by Potomac's rolling tide;  
And there in humble state he sleeps,  
While o'er him still the nation weeps  
In memory of her noblest son,  
The great, the gifted Washington.

No more he toils with ceaseless care  
(When almost sunk in dread despair,)  
To find out some successful way  
To save his loved America.  
No more he prays, through stormy nights,  
To God, to save the nation's rights—  
To send them help by land and sea  
To gain the wanted victory.  
No more he mounts his fiery steed,  
And flies away with lightning speed  
To meet some bold invading men  
And drive the spoilers back again.  
No more he sees the bay'nets bright,

All glitt'ring in the dazzling light;  
Nor feels at heart the dire alarms,  
Nor gives the cry, "To arms, To arms."  
No more he shouts amid the noise  
Of battle great, "Come on, brave boys,"  
We'll conquer yet before we cease,  
And leave our country blest with peace.  
These trying scenes with him are o'er,  
He mingles in the fight no more;  
His labors, sufferings, all are past—  
He's sunk to wanted rest at last.

He sleeps like others—just the same,  
Unconscious of his boundless fame.  
He hears not what loud cannons roar  
To spread that fame from shore to shore—  
He hears not what shrill trumpets sound  
To spread it all the world around.  
He knows not what pæans are sung  
To him in almost every tongue—  
How children, with untold delight,  
Speak out his name at morn and night—  
How wond'ring millions shout and sing,  
And make the heav'ns stupendous ring  
With his most just and worthy praise,  
Which, under God, will last always.  
He sees not what tall statues they  
Prepare for him, as well they may—  
What monuments, immense and high,  
They raise immortal to the sky,  
To show to ages long to come  
The glorious vict'ries he has won.  
He sees not how the good and brave  
Come bending o'er his honor'd grave,

And weep at thought of him who lies  
Here, hid indeed from mortal eyes,  
But lies, the great man and renown'd,  
With thousand, thousand blessings crown'd—  
Yes, lies and sleeps, the mighty dead,  
With matchless glory round his head.  
He knows not how the great and small  
Come far, come often, and come all  
To see, with wonder and delight,  
What still remains on Vernon's height  
That this blest man has left behind,  
In whom all virtues were combin'd, .  
And tread again where once he trod—  
*The great, the good, the man of God.*

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## THE REGIMENT THAT WENT FOR THE FEE AND NOT FOR THE FIELD.

The regiment was the finest far  
That rose and arm'd there for the war;  
'Twas gallant, noble, sprightly, fair,  
Few others could with it compare.  
It was the pick of all the State,  
Some gather'd early—others late;  
It was the flower—it was the prime  
Of.....furnished at the time  
When all she had was in demand  
To save the sinking, suff'ring land.  
The lawyers, doctors, school men, too,  
The politicians, pure and true,  
The Union Leaguers, one and all,

The young, the old, the great and small,  
The wise, the rich, the blest and good,  
The holy man who toil'd for God—  
All left their homes and went that day  
To fight and save America.

The father and his sons were now  
Amid these ranks; they quit the plough—  
They left their busy toils and trades  
To bold repel those rebel raids,  
Which were producing so much fear  
Around our more expos'd frontier.

The sister's feelings, warm and strong,  
Were to her brothers fondly drawn—  
She loved them well, but it is true  
She loved her country dearly too.

She, therefore, said, "Go, brothers, go,  
And shrink not at the sight of woe—  
Go, nobly fight—go, nobly die  
To crush this dire conspiracy."

The mother's only son was there;  
She gave him up in fervent prayer  
To go, at every cost, and be  
A firm support to liberty.

The gen'rous husband, brave and tall,  
Stood chief-like with these soldiers all.  
Of thousands round he'd been the boast—  
A legion he, a mighty host,

To stop foul treason's pois'nous breath,  
And make it yield to right or death.

The wife beheld him standing there—  
She fondly said, "Farewell, my dear."  
To give him up had tried her sore,  
She loved him, but the country more;

And hence, upon that solemn day,  
She gave her dearest friend away,  
Expecting sure, when next they'd meet,  
To see him in his winding sheet.

The hopes of many thousand men,  
Were centred in that regiment then.  
They follow'd it with prayers and tears—  
They follow'd it with hopes and fears:  
The expectations through the State,  
Repos'd in it, were large and great.  
They looked with feelings none can tell,  
To see it represent them well;  
They look'd to see it in the sight  
Of all the world reflect its light;  
They look'd to see it plan and do  
What few beside were equal to;  
They look'd to see it strike the blows,  
Which would confound their rebel foes,  
(While seeking to destroy the peace,)  
And force them from that work to cease.

These soldiers went—they stay'd—they play'd—  
They figur'd well on dress parade—  
They talk'd from morning dawn till night  
Which cause was wrong and which was right.  
Exempt alike from fear and care,  
They spent much time in pleasure there;  
They frequent stood to guard the stores,  
Which lay upon adjoining shores;  
They sometimes went to ope the way  
To camps where distant regiments lay;  
They went and came at bugle call,  
*But ne'er a battle fought at all.*



At length, when nine months had been spent,  
They left the field, the drill, the tent,  
And hasten'd home with joy to tell  
That they, while there, behaved so well.

When forth to war battalions go  
To make a fair imposing show,  
And not to meet and quell the foe,  
    'Tis false and unavailing.  
Or, when they simply go for pay,  
And not to brave the battle day,  
Reluctant all the while to stay,  
    Our cause must still be failing.

But when they go like valiant men—  
All purposed to return again  
When troublers yield, and not till then,  
    Our cause will fail us never.  
They'll make the hills and valleys sound  
With noise of battle ringing round,  
And bring fell treason to the ground,  
    To rise no more forever.

Then States with States, throughout the land,  
Will all, in faith and friendship, stand  
Combin'd in one harmonious band,  
    Which naught on earth can sever.  
The nation's flag will proudly fly  
Triumphant through the beauteous sky,  
And long and loud will be the cry,  
    " Columbia lives forever."

## BRAVE STALWART MEN.

We've oft been told by saint and sage—  
We've read it from the Sacred Page,  
That there was once a wondrous age  
Of long and healthful living.

Of early death men had no fears,  
They lived almost a thousand years,  
As plainly from the book appears  
Of early Scripture history.

So, in the time when Greece was great,  
Fair Sparta was a famous State,  
Because her sons ne'er drank nor ate  
What hurt their constitutions.

We've read the story of the band  
That march'd with swords and spears in hand,  
To meet the foe and save the land  
When Xerxes was invading.

Six hundred soldiers were the most  
Composing that immortal host,  
Which stood for fight upon the coast  
Where Persian hordes were treading.

There in Thermopylæ's narrow strait,  
The captain and his band did wait  
To meet whate'er might be their fate,  
In fighting for their country.

Three million men, historians say,  
Those lusty Spartans met that day,

Nor would they turn their backs till they  
Had stopp'd the bold invasion.

'Twas so with Scotia's noble race  
Of lofty mien and dauntless face;  
These men, for power to stand or chase,  
Have never yet been beaten.

We've heard it often, often said,  
The Scots, whom Bruce and Wallace led,  
Rank first among the mighty dead,  
Whose fame can never perish.

No matter when or where they wrought,  
No matter when or where they fought,  
They have been long and justly thought  
The prime of human species.

They lived upon the plainest fare—  
At home, abroad, and everywhere;  
And thus they took unceasing care  
Of health, to make it lasting.

So, with our sturdy fathers, too—  
Of human kind there have been few  
Who took so much in hand to do  
As these illustrious mortals.

They fought with savage hordes around,  
They fell'd great forests to the ground  
And made the hills and vales resound  
With noise of their industry.

When there was need, they would be free—  
They met the foe on land and sea,  
And gain'd immortal victory,  
Which made them ever famous.

There ne'er has been since time begun  
A race of men beneath the sun,  
Who have so fast to glory run,  
As these, our honor'd fathers.

With studied care they sought to be,  
In principle and practice free  
From vile debasing luxury—  
And thus they lived and prosper'd.

We hear a voice, which speaks aloud  
From loved ones wrapt in death's pale shroud,  
Saying to us, and all the crowd,  
Go children and do likewise.

Go, with your arms uprais'd and strong—  
Go, with your swords all bravely drawn—  
On hill, and field, and shore, and lawn,  
Defend your native country.

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## GARIBALDI AND THE POPE.

Written at the time of Garibaldi's Military Successes in Italy.

Can we concede the thing one hour  
Of Papal delegation—  
That any man's endow'd with power  
To rule in our salvation?

He says he fills St. Peter's chair—  
Of this there is no doubt;  
But if that holy man were there  
Perhaps he'd turn him out.

He says he is a prophet great,  
Endow'd with special grace,  
To act in things of Church and State  
For all the human race.

He says, forsooth, he holds the keys  
Of everlasting fate,  
To free admit, or, if he please,  
Shut out as reprobate.

Wake, sons of It'ly, all awake,  
And tell your grave dissensions  
From king or priest, who dares to make  
These arrogant pretensions.

Behold, in abject, servile state,  
You've lived a long probation;  
Now strike and make this day the date  
Of blest emancipation.

The God of Heav'n has form'd the plan—  
Some one must bear it through,  
And Garibaldi is the man  
Who has this work to do.

Great conqueror, move on—move on!  
The world now waits to see  
Your armies at the gates of Rome,  
To give Rome liberty.

Fear not, if Austria should oppose,  
And great Napoleon, too;  
The God who fought when Luther rose  
Will surely fight for you.

Then wilt thou, Garibaldi, fail  
To do the thing that's meet,

And leave this cause of such avail  
To end in sad defeat?

Say, wilt thou yet to bad advice  
In hapless moments yield—  
Throw down thy arms in cowardice  
And basely quit the field?

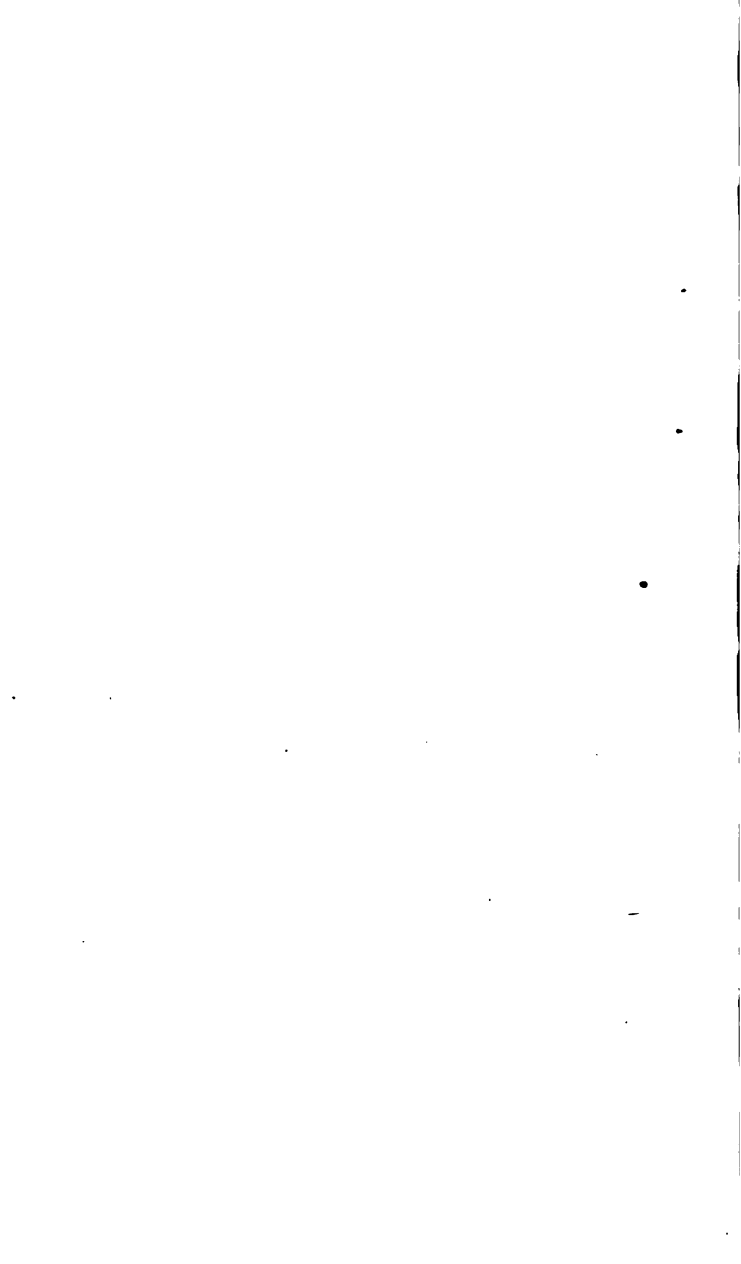
Wilt thou ere long prepare to fly  
And hie thee home to sleep,  
And leave these sons of Italy  
In bondage still to weep?

Wilt thou become a truckler yet,  
And play a double game—  
Thy past successes all forget,  
And lose thy well-earn'd fame?

Be prudent, man, and valiant too—  
Toil on from sun to sun,  
Nor cease till thou hast carried through  
This glorious work begun.

Stand up before a gazing world  
And show thyself a man—  
With flags of freedom wide unfurl'd,  
Lead on the army van.

Set to—set to, with all thy might—  
Let men and angels see  
As heretofore, so now, the right  
Must gain the victory.



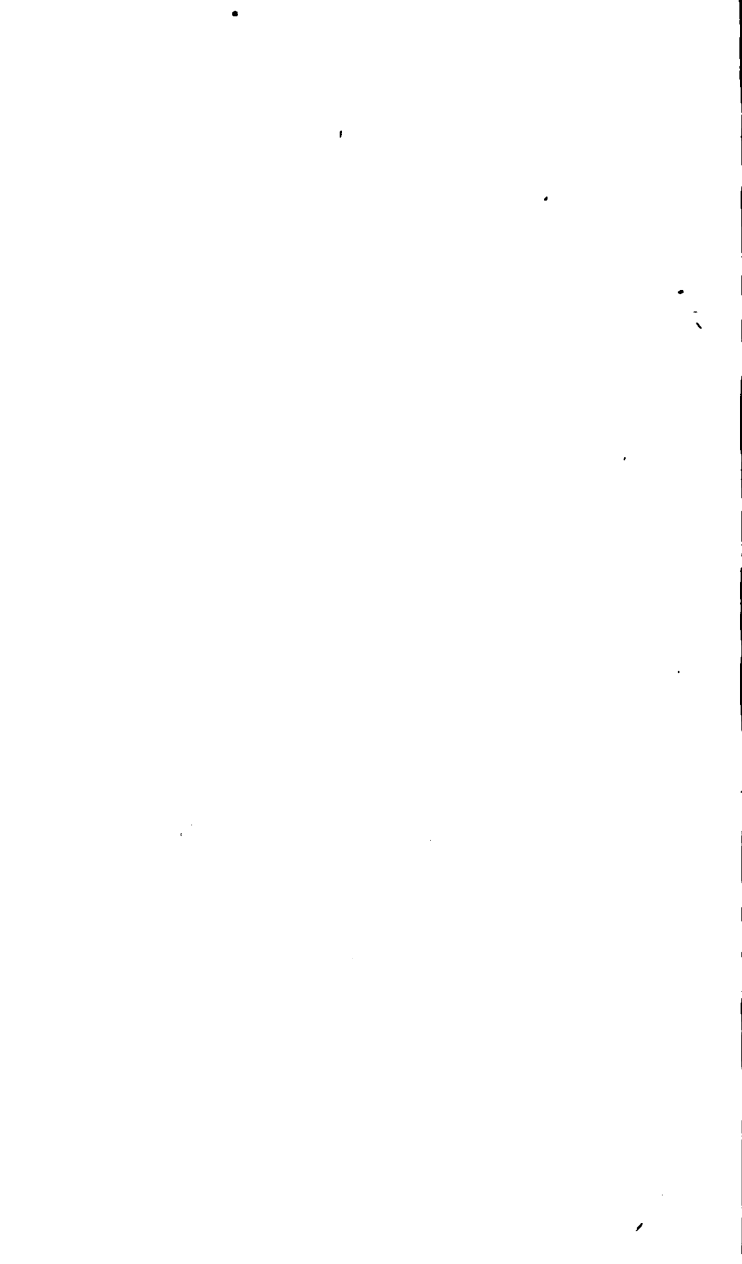
## PART II.

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These pieces were composed on different occasions occurring through the last five years, and on subjects suggested by the occasions. They were intended to inspire patriotism—especially love to the Union cause and the Federal Government.

1. SECESSION AND CIVIL WAR.
2. CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.
3. THE CROWNING DAY.
4. NORTHERN ADVENTURES.
5. WELL MEANT.
6. UNION SONG OF VICTORY.
7. OUR NATIONAL FLAG.
8. NATIONAL HONOR.
9. STAR OF HOPE.
10. NO COUNTRY LIKE OURS.





## SECESSION AND CIVIL WAR.

Written on the first day of National Fasting after the War with  
the South began.

See our Eagle's pinions shorn—  
See the Stripes all rudely torn,  
While the dimm'd Stars piteous mourn  
The fortunes of the country.

From our gallant ships that sail,  
Slow and solemn in the gale,  
Now and then there comes a wail  
Of mourning for the country.

Hark! along each river shore  
How the troubled waters roar;  
Daily, nightly, sighing o'er  
The deeply injur'd country.

See our matrons lowly bow'd—  
Mantled in a sable shroud—  
Sighing deeply, sobbing loud,  
In anguish for the country.

See their bosoms rent with care—  
See them agonize in pray'r—  
Pleading still with God, to spare  
The bleeding, bleeding country.

Spirits of those mighty men,  
Now returning back again

To the place they perish'd, when  
The land was once invaded;

Cry from off the battle ground,  
In a wild and wailing sound,  
To the gath'ring crowds around  
To rally for the country.

Hark! upon yon Southern shore,  
How the deaf'ning cannons roar  
Pealing, pealing more and more,  
Fortells destruction coming.

See the lightning's vivid flash,  
Through the low'ring war clouds dash—  
Threat'ning with a mighty crash  
The fall of this Republic.

Millions rising in their might,  
Ready for the dreadful fight,  
Watch the hour by day and night,  
For bloody, bloody action.

Seldom since the world began  
Was there such a deep-laid plan  
E'er devised by fiend or man,  
To work out death and ruin.

But the plan will signal fail:  
Should both earth and hell assail,  
All will be of no avail  
To bring to pass their purpose.

Let these rebels madly rage—  
Let them furious warfare wage,  
Yet there will remain a page  
On which to write their downfall.

Some kind angel from above,  
Hovering o'er us like a dove,  
Will in constant covenant love  
Defend when cannons rattle.

Yes, the plighted heav'nly powers,  
When the storm of vengeance lowers,  
Will, through all these dang'rous hours,  
Maintain our cause in battle.

Up, then, to the field repair—  
Neither blood nor treasure spare—  
Fight till you have bravely there  
O'erthrown this curs'd rebellion.

Strike to set the captives free—  
Strike again for liberty—  
Let these troublers plainly see  
They can be easy beaten.

Time will come to think, relent—  
Days will come when they'll repent,  
And perhaps with one consent  
Return and join the Union.

Joyful songs will then arise—  
Earth re-echo with the cries:  
"Great Columbia never dies—  
Her pillars stand unbroken."

Built upon a solid rock—  
Great indeed must be the shock,  
Which can break the mighty lock  
That keeps this plighted Union.

**CHRISTIAN PATRIOTISM.**

Christians must be always ready  
To take hold of everything  
Which, when follow'd close and steady,  
Will the promis'd blessings bring.  
They must rise and teach the youthful  
How to walk in noble ways—  
How to be both wise and truthful  
In the morning of their days.

Christian men must take our meetings  
For devotion, to their care—  
They must come with holy greetings  
To support them everywhere.  
They must join in prayer and praises  
In the churches, day by day—  
They must give us light that blazes  
To conduct us on our way.

Christian men must save the nation—  
They are call'd to do the deed—  
They must bring us great salvation  
In the urgent time of need.  
They must come and fill the places  
On the land and on the sea,  
Where, to show their christian graces,  
It is needful they should be.

Christian men must join the army  
And be soldiers brave and strong,  
O, such soldiers always charm me  
When I see them pass along.

They must boldly go to battle—  
They must mingle in the fight,  
And while thund'ring cannons rattle,  
Pray to God to speed the right.

Christian men must take the Navy—  
Truth assures us such as these  
Are the men to guide it bravely  
To the vict'ries of the seas.  
They must promptly man each vessel—  
They must pace it to and fro,  
While in fervent pray'r, they wrestle  
For success where'er they go.

Christian men must visit stations  
Where the sick and wounded lie,  
Taking with them preparations  
To restore them, lest they die.  
They must go where duty calls them,  
And proceed in faith and speed,  
Not regarding what befalls them  
In an urgent time of need.

Christians must be up and doing  
On the land and on the sea,  
Always planning and pursuing  
Schemes of great philanthropy.  
They must keep their lights all burning—  
They must make their efforts tell ;  
Had not Gideon's soul been yearning,  
Palestine had surely fell.

Christian men must give their treasure  
To supply the public need,

And forego both home and pleasure  
Till the suffering nation's freed  
From the mis'ries which attend her  
In this fratricidal war—  
Till her God is pleas'd to send her  
That sweet peace she's fighting for.

Christian men must not be doting  
On some idols at their homes,  
But arise and do the voting  
When the time for duty comes.  
They must out and lead the party.  
As it moves in party strife,  
And by actions wise and hearty,  
Seek to give the nation life.

Christian men should mostly rule us—  
Men who are both good and great,  
And in wisdom rightly school us  
For the service of the State.  
Then will intrigue and corruption,  
Vice and folly mainly cease,  
And instead of fell destruction,  
All the land be bless'd with peace.

Christian men must never falter  
In the cause they know is right,  
Truth and duty cannot alter  
In the Great Creator's sight.  
They must then stand firmly to it,  
Be the trial what it may—  
They must persevere and do it  
Till they've fully won the day.  
Thus with head and heart and hand,  
They must work to save the land.

## THE CROWNING DAY.

Written at the time of our reverses around Fredericksburg in  
the Spring of '63.

Whate'er we are (if good the case)  
We are by all-sufficient grace.  
Then let us trust to grace the more,  
It is a rich and boundless store  
Of mercy sent in matchless love  
To help us timely from above.  
In every work we undertake,  
Both for our own and others' sake,  
'Twill strengthen us as nothing can  
Beside this grace support a man.  
'Twill make us brave as Caesar was,  
And patient like the man of Uz.  
'Twill make us wise and mighty too—  
'Twill make us great in all we do.  
'Twill make us calm in danger's hour—  
'Twill make us just in use of power—  
'Twill quell our anguish, dry our tears—  
Resolve our doubts, suppress our fears—  
'Twill show us, in the bright'ning sky,  
The star of hope to cheer the eye—  
'Twill lead us in a prosperous way  
And bring at last the *crowning day*.

So, in the war our fathers waged,  
With heads and hearts and hands engaged,  
To free the land they lov'd so well  
From curs'd designs and plots of hell.  
'Twas not of glory once they thought—  
'Twas not for power or fame they fought—



'Twas not for mirthful life and ease—  
'Twas not for treasure on the seas—  
'Twas not for noble blood and birth,  
Nor yet for conquests in the earth,  
They grasp'd the sword and took the field,  
Resolv'd to die but not to yield.  
'Twas for the right to speak and tell  
How they should live, where they should dwell—  
How sing their songs, how offer prayers—  
How regulate their own affairs  
And manage all things small and great,  
As sovereign rulers of the State.  
'Twas for the right, when so inclin'd,  
To speak the feelings of their mind—  
To be consulted—give consent  
In framing laws of government.  
'Twas for the right to have a choice  
In things elective, yea, a voice  
So loud, distinctive, bold and clear,  
That men must heed as well as hear.  
A right to say when war and peace  
Should each begin, or promptly cease—  
A right enjoy'd since time began,  
To be that thing we call *a man*.  
'Twas for such precious rights as these  
They took their axes, fell'd the trees—  
They took and kept in name of God,  
The sacred soil on which they trod.

So, for these same dear native rights,  
They stood and bled upon the heights  
Of lands which long in wildness lay  
• Through famous North America.  
- Sometimes they fought like bravest men

And gain'd them an immortal name.  
They oft advanc'd upon their foes  
And drove them back with heaviest blows,  
And made them feel, (God be ador'd,)  
The heel was better than the sword.  
Their faith was often sharp assail'd  
When Britons in the war prevailed—  
Their souls were often sorely tried  
When generous help was stern deny'd.  
The scene was sometimes spread with gloom  
So deep and dark, there was no room  
To hope for any better day  
Till years of toil had pass'd away.  
But calm and firm still there they stood,  
True to their covenant and to God.  
Uncrush'd, uncheck'd by any fear,  
They yet resolv'd to persevere—  
Not leave the work but half-way done,  
Which had so justly been begun.

It is so in this present war.  
All we have wish'd and waited for  
Has not been fully gained, indeed,  
A thing in which we're all agreed.  
But shall we, therefore, false maintain  
Success is hopeless, fruitless, vain,  
And in temptation's trying hour,  
Disgraceful yield to tempting power,  
Till we such honor'd trust betray  
As makes a nation lose its day?  
Say, is this war a thing so alight  
It must be ended in a night?  
Or is it yet a thing so grave,  
There is no power at all to save?

Must this whole work be promptly done  
Between the morn and evening sun,  
And, unless done in one short day,  
Be thence forever put away?  
Oh, where's our courage, where's our zeal,  
And where the love we all should feel  
For this dear land which gave us birth—  
The fairest far that's known on earth?  
Have we forgot the vows we took  
When Sumter fell in flames and smoke,  
How oft we then most solemn said  
(In sacred memory of the dead,)   
That let the time be e'er so long,  
We'd full repay that daring wrong?  
If right be right and naught besides—  
If God in righteousness abides,  
'Tis plainly theirs, stern justice saith,  
To choose the right or take the death.  
'Tis ours to make this doctrine stand  
Supreme and sovereign o'er the land.

Why then discourag'd—why cast down?  
The greater cross, the brighter crown—  
The mightiest works we have to do  
Bring sweetest pleasure when they're through.  
Our duty's plain, our course is clear  
To stand to right and persevere.  
The more adventur'd in the strife  
The greater honors gain'd for life,  
For death, and ages yet to be—  
For boundless immortality.

Admit that brothers' sacred blood  
Has flow'd in torrents like a flood

And stain'd with dismal crimson gore,  
This suff'ring land from shore to shore.  
Admit that myriads have been slain  
And myriads more the cause to gain—  
Admit whole navies have been burn'd  
And cities half to ruin turn'd;  
Admit vast millions have been spent  
Already by the government—  
Admit that ruins, dark and wide,  
Are spreading round on every side  
To mar the land through future years  
And draw from eyes the bitt'rest tears.  
Shall we, regardless of this cost,  
Give up the cause and say, 'Tis lost?  
Shall we, when half the fighting's o'er,  
Fly from the field to fight no more—  
From what remains, retreat, recoil,  
And throw away whole years of toil?  
Shall we, when half the work is done,  
Stop short beneath a noontide sun,  
And see that sun, oh dreadful sight!  
Go down in dark tempestuous night,  
And leave us on this western shore  
A nation sunk to rise no more?  
Where is there one true-hearted man  
Who now approves of such a plan?  
Where is there one true patriot found  
Who ventures now to take this ground?  
The government must be sustain'd—  
The sovereignty of law maintain'd,  
And subjects all be made to see  
They must respect "The powers that be."

Then let us rally, one and all,

New rally at our country's call;  
With minds firm set and feelings steel'd,  
Retake and keep the battle field.  
Let us with armor glitt'ring bright,  
Stand up by millions to the fight;  
And millions more, if needed be,  
To gain the wanted victory.  
It will not do to hesitate;  
The time has pass'd for mere debate.  
The thing we must have at this day  
Is fighting—cost just what it may;  
Nor can we hope the war will cease  
Until they're forc'd to terms of peace.

One thing which common sense demands,  
Is faith and patience in our plans.  
The rebels may succeed at times—  
They may be prospering in their crimes;  
'Twould not be strange if it were so,  
The thing has been long, long ago.  
They may a stubborn front maintain  
And now and then a vict'ry gain,  
But all this seeming well-done work  
Will naught avail—they cannot shirk  
Dread judgments coming thick and fast  
To crush their cherish'd hopes at last.  
Unless they're aided from abroad,  
In fancied fairness or in fraud,  
'Tis plain as sun-light in the sky  
They soon mast famish, faint and die.

But Union men and their blest cause,  
Sustain'd by heav'n's unchanging laws,  
Will gain support in every clime

## THE CROWNING DAY.

31

And stand renown'd till end of time.  
Nor will their work on earth be done  
Till time expires, and yonder sun  
Goes down in darkness and in blood,  
And brings the last great day of God—  
When rebels, patriots, masters, slaves,  
Will rise immortal from their graves,  
And hasten to the chosen place  
Where he appoints to judge the race.  
Then questions long disputed here  
Will be to men and angels clear.  
The opening of eternal light  
Will show what's wrong—will show what's right,  
And things now left in deep despair  
Will all be fully settled there.

Then let us rise and onward go—  
Our cause defeated—that's not so;  
Our cause is firm, our way is clear,  
Advancing steady year by year.  
We're gaining on the Southern boys—  
They make their brags, a fruitless noise—  
They fight like Indians half conceal'd,  
We want them on the open field,  
And there, unless they flee away,  
We'll gain a bright triumphant day.  
If oft they've spoil'd us heretofore,  
We'll spoil them then immensely more—  
If oft they've conquer'd in the past,  
*Yet right will win the day at last.*  
'Tis like the Christian warfare much,  
The work in all its parts is such,  
That grace, to make the best display,

Must let the evil have its way,  
In all such cases as will tend  
To kill it outright in the end.

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## NORTHERN ADVENTURES

OF NAPOLEON TO RUSSIA AND GENERAL LEE TO PENN-  
SYLVANIA.

Written almost immediately before the battle of Gettysburg.

The snow was falling deep around—  
The wind blew bleak and cold that day,  
And as they march'd, no trumpet sound  
Was heard to cheer them on their way.

Now slow these suff'ring soldiers mov'd,  
With Moscow's glitt'ring spires in view;  
At every step they took they prov'd  
How staunch they were, how brave and true.

But suddenly, as near they came,  
(Mid countless wild and frantic cries,)  
They saw the city wrapt in flame  
And perishing before their eyes.

This was a last, a desp'rate deed  
Perform'd at an ill-fated hour,  
That by the act she might be freed  
From great Napoleon's grasping power.

The warriors stood and trembling gazed  
Upon the flames as wide they spread,  
The more the conflagration blazed,  
The more their hopes were stricken dead.

Without a shelter from the blasts  
Which blew so wild and fiercely there,  
They felt themselves outdone at last,  
And yielded up to sad despair.

The God who made them only knows  
How loud they shriek'd, how deep they sigh'd  
When, struggling in cold winter snows,  
They sunk exhausted, groan'd and died.

They could no more each other greet—  
No more, in turn, each other save;  
The snow was now their winding sheet,  
And there they found a common grave.

Their prowess was supremely great,  
But here they ventur'd to their cost;  
They saw and felt it, when too late,  
The prize was gone—the army lost.

Far o'er those distant, dreary plains,  
Some sad memorials still are found  
Of this great army's last remains,  
Now mould'ring there beneath the ground.

When Moscow sunk in burning fire  
So briskly fanned by ether breath;  
The bursting flames rose high and higher  
To light them to the shades of death.

They were the bravest of all men—  
They gain'd indeed a world-wide fame,  
But they will never rise again  
To spread the terror of their name.

They set their banners to the gale—  
They bid the Russian wilds farewell;



But few return'd to tell the tale  
Of how they died when Moscow fell.

They met the foe, they took the prey—  
They conquer'd Europe in their might,  
But dreadful was the hapless day  
They went to Russian climes to fight.

Lo ! here we have a sim'lar case  
Of warriors marching to the place  
Where though they tread with cautious feet,  
They'll meet at last a sad defeat.

They form indeed a mighty host—  
They strength and courage justly boast—  
They march with banners flying high,  
But march in pomp and pride to die.

Behold, a storm is gath'ring fast,  
We see—we feel the coming blast,  
With awful voice it roars aloud  
Like thunder from the distant cloud.

'Tis not a storm of hail or snow  
Which bids this host no farther go;  
With trumpet peals and rattling drums,  
It is the battle shock that comes.

Perhaps, before another sun  
Goes down, the strife will have begun,  
And who that ventures there can say  
That he'll survive this battle day.

Oh! desp'rate warriors—madden'd men!  
Before your hosts return again,  
You'll doubtless feel it to your cost,  
The things you've sought have all been lost.

You've wander'd far, too far from home—  
You've wander'd where 'tis death to roam,  
And long you'll rue the game you've play'd  
In venturing on this Northern raid.

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## WELL MEANT TO THE MEN OF THE SOUTH.

Written after the Battles of the Wilderness.

Whenever the South is the theme of discourse,  
You join in discussion with fervor and force—  
You stand up and speak out vehemently for  
The men of the South as the men for the war.  
You seem to proclaim it with special delight  
That nature and training have formed you for fight—  
That one is as firm as the rock or the tree—  
Another as fierce as the lion can be—  
That all are for battle, for rushing and raid,  
As daring a people as God ever made.  
You tell us, exulting, what wonders you've done—  
What conflicts you've ventur'd, what vict'ries you've  
won—  
What heights you've ascended, what dangers you've  
braved—  
What foes you have slaughter'd, what friends you have  
saved.  
Now what you have gain'd by such vauntings as these  
We leave for all nations to judge as they please;  
The proof of your greatness must certainly rest  
On what you've accomplish'd when put to the test.  
There once was a dog of such fierceness and fire  
The sight of another dog kindled his ire—  
'Twas his to be fighting, and fight Towser would,

Whatever might follow, for evil or good.  
This bully one dark day broke loose from his chain,  
(With madness and fury disturbing his brain,)  
He challeng'd a conflict and quickly espied  
A tiger advancing up close by his side;  
The dog look'd suspicious, but thought he must try—  
Adventure a battle and conquer or die.  
The fight was begun—the dog did his best—  
Rough handled and bleeding, he frankly confess'd,  
Instead of now making the tiger his prey,  
'Twas plenty for him to get out of the way.

You seem to excel in profoundness of mind,  
In that you've search'd it completely, and find  
That bond-servants now are and ever must be  
The prop of a State which is perfectly free.  
Sure none but civilians of calibre great  
Would venture on teaching what you've taught of late—  
That States which have freely and solemnly swore  
To act in conjunction with twenty-two more,  
May break from such Union just when they think best,  
And leave to dark chances the fate of the rest.  
If this be your doctrine, come tell us, what way  
A nation confed'rate can stand for a day?  
If this be your doctrine, then why do you call  
Your States and your people Confed'rate at all?  
We love to give honor to whom it is due—  
Great honor or cursing is coming to you  
For teaching all mortals, by word and by deed,  
If yielding don't suit them, they've but to secede  
And set up some government form of their own,  
Where nothing exists as a chief corner stone,  
But part after part may secede from the whole,  
Till nothing is left it of body or soul.

Long, long will your course in another thing, yet,  
 Be look'd at and thought of; men cannot forget  
 The lessons you've taught to the great and the small—  
 To kingdoms and nations and governments all,  
 That if, peradventure, a people should be  
 Depriv'd of some rights which belong to the free,  
 They need not recur to the Law for redress—  
 To government institutes, paper, or press—  
 They need not repair to the Council or Court—  
 They've nothing to do but to fire on the Fort—  
 They've nothing to do but to rise in one day  
 And sweep the old flag of the nation away—  
 To seize on the arsenals and capture the stores  
 And burn up the dock-yards which lay on the shores—  
 To tell of their war-skill and might in the field,  
 Then Yankees will cower and foemen all yield.

The prowess apparent in most of your deeds,  
 In our estimation entirely exceeds  
 The soldierly conduct your fathers display'd  
 At Camden and Guilford, in battle array'd.  
 Vast regions of carnage beneath your bright sky,  
 Where thousands on thousands in death-slumbers lie,  
 Proclaim it in thunder tones over the earth  
 You're warriors by training—you're warriors by birth.  
 There, there sleep the mighty in dark gory beds,  
 While fame with her trumpet unceasingly spreads  
 The names of these heroes, far, far from the place  
 They fell in the battle, the brave of our race.

But who, in a bluster, rush'd into this war?  
 'Twas you that begun it, and what was it for?  
 Relief from oppression, was this the true cause—  
 Relief from a system of despotic laws—

Defence against demagogues rising within  
And spoiling what is now and ever has been  
Peculiar to this famous land of the West—  
The land of all others most perfectly blest?  
All nonsense, brave fellows, the case is not so  
That things such as these have occasion'd our woe.  
You own the grave fact, when this conflict began  
We had the best government given to man—  
In most of its features the best that can be  
To make a land noble and thriving and free.  
A spirit to dictate—to govern—to reign,  
Which oft gets possession of mortals insane—  
A spirit to carry the cause in debate—  
A spirit to rule or to ruin the State,  
Has brought down upon us these judgments from God  
And plung'd all the land in a deluge of blood.  
Suppose you were injur'd, yet nevertheless,  
Was this the true method of seeking redress?  
In every decision of State-house and Court,  
A war becomes just as a final resort.  
Instead of the final, you made it the first;  
The remedy, therefore, was surely the worst  
You could have selected, as matters now tend,  
To further your cause and accomplish your end.

We did not begin it—you struck the first blow,  
On you be the guilt, then—on you be the woe  
Which flows from an evil so mighty indeed  
That ere it is ended vast millions may bleed,  
And thousands on thousands of masters and slaves  
Lie sleeping together in dark, gory graves,  
If you have to carry this budget of sin,  
We pity, Dear Brothers, the case you are in,  
For though you be giants, you surely will rue

The way you have chosen before it is through.  
Wherever you gather in darkness or light,  
We'll gather around you prepar'd for the fight.  
Or if, peradventure, you launch on the deep,  
We'll follow you closely and vigilance keep  
O'er all your transactions on land and on sea,  
Your wily and watchful and strong enemy.  
We'll fight it out with you through loss and through gain—  
Through cold and through hunger, through toil and  
through pain—  
We'll fight it out with you through hopes and through  
fears—  
Through death and destruction for many long years,  
And when it is ended, you doubtless will own  
You'd better have left such a warfare alone.

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## UNION SONG OF VICTORY AND FREEDOM.

Composed after the taking of Atlanta.

Atlanta, once a shining place,  
Remains one of renown,  
But General Hood, with blushing face,  
Was forced to quit the town.

Bold Sherman with his army brave,  
March'd in, a victor there,  
Where now our flags in triumph wave,  
Proud flaunting on the air.

Thus Mobile, too, must sure be ours,  
Ere many weeks are past—

## UNION SONG OF VICTORY AND FREEDOM.

Our armies strong, our naval powers  
Will capture it at last.

The rebels know what all this means—  
They've thought the matter through;  
Just as it was with New Orleans,  
'Twill be with Charleston too.

So Vicksburg fell, she timely fell,  
With her defences all,  
So Richmond now perceives it well,  
Her bulwarks too must fall.

Her armies may be brave and strong  
And disciplin'd with care,  
But Richmond cannot hold out long,  
For General Grant is there.

The brave, heroic Sheridan,  
Down Shenandoah's vale,  
Has gain'd such mighty victories,  
The winds have told the tale.

Old Petersburg is close beset  
With foes on every side,  
Nor can the place much longer yet  
In safety still abide.

This city so inclos'd around  
And kept with greatest care,  
Will shortly hear our trumpets sound  
The notes of triumph there.

Ere long Fayette and Charlottesville,  
And Raleigh in the course,  
And other places stronger still,  
Must yield to Sherman's force.

## OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

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So on they'll move from day to day,  
With trumpet's thrilling blast—  
To every city fight their way,  
Till all are ours at last.

Jehovah's helping from the skies—  
He's fighting for the free;  
The open way before us lies—  
We're on to victory.

Soon, soon on every mountain height  
Our noble Flag will stand,  
And wave by day and wave by night,  
In triumph o'er the land.

Around it loudest songs will ring—  
Four million slaves set free  
Shall join with us and gladly sing  
The nation's jubilee.

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## OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

Written after the capture of Charleston and the replacing of the  
Flag on Fort Sumter.

We justly may brag  
Of our noble Flag,  
And praise and exalt it in song,  
For thanks to the men  
Who've triumph'd again,  
Ours, ours is the Flag of the strong.



## OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

It covers the brave—  
It ransoms the slave,  
And long as there's light in the sun,  
This banner unfurl'd  
Will tell to the world  
The vict'ries our nation has won.

It stands on the shore  
Where ocean-waves roar,  
Attracting the gaze of all eyes—  
It floats from each tower,  
The emblem of power,  
And threatened invasion defies.

See over yon height  
Bespangled and bright,  
How pompous and proud it appears;  
What mortals dare say  
But there it will stay,  
Enduring as stars in their spheres.

O see on the mast  
That's moving so fast  
O'er wide spreading oceans and seas,  
It tosses on high  
And plays in the sky,  
Proud flouncing to storm and to breeze.

Our young men and old—  
Our brave men and bold—  
Our heroes and sages and tars  
Are led on their way  
To glory each day  
By light from these beautiful stars.

**OUR NATIONAL FLAG.**

High over the domes  
Of mansions and homes  
It playfully streams in the air,  
And what on the earth  
Of beauty and worth  
Can once with this banner compare?

Each brother and son  
Of great Washington—  
Each freemen on mountain and strand  
Shouts loud when he sees  
Afloat on the breeze  
The Stars of our dear native land.

Whatever may be  
Of fatality—  
Of loss in this war, or of gain,  
These Stars must unite  
Commingle their light  
And one constellation remain.

Let brother and friend  
In battle contend,  
And carnage spread over the ground;  
These Stars at the last  
When death's work is past,  
Must all on our banners be found.

Illustrious Stars!  
Whatever now mars  
The peace of this country we love,  
Your light must endure,  
All radiant and pure,  
As stars which are shining above.

## NATIONAL HONOR.

A people's honor can't be lost  
Unless its done at greatest cost;  
If they consent to let it go,  
They've fallen sadly, fallen low.  
'Twere better far to fall a prey  
To slaughter yet, as yet we may,  
On battle fields all bleeding lie,  
Than let our honor bleed and die.  
If we should fall in such a strife,  
Our honor's dearer far than life;  
We fall by thousands, thousands wept,  
The life is lost, but honor's kept.

Our flag disgrac'd, what are we then?  
A race of sinking, servile men,  
So much debased 'twill be in vain  
To wipe away the lasting stain.  
Though of the noblest parents born,  
We'll rich deserve the sneer, the scorn  
Of nations great and nations small  
And be the song and sport of all.

If we our honor sacrifice,  
All worth possessing with it dies—  
The heritage our fathers gave  
Will follow after to the grave.  
My Country, let thy honor be  
As sacred as thy liberty—  
Let both be counted priceless things,  
Whate'er of life or death it brings.  
Should thousands of thy bravest men

Lay fallen, ne'er to rise again,  
Still let thy flag in honor stand  
And wave in triumph o'er the land.

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STAR OF HOPE.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
How joyful 'tis to see  
Some cheering Star of Hope arise  
And shine out brilliantly.

A dismal midnight darkness veils  
Yon Southern States below,  
It deep and deeper yet prevails,  
Would they could see it so.

Their homes are fill'd with mortal strife—  
Their hearts with torturing grief—  
They're struggling, gasping hard for life,  
But all without relief.

Their land resounds with fearful cries—  
Dread foes are treading there;  
'Tis stain'd with blood before their eyes  
And wasted every where.

Although like bravest men they fight,  
They're weeping night and day—  
No gracious hand is there to wipe  
Their flowing tears away.

But while their souls are fill'd with fears,  
Their land is stain'd with blood,

## STAR OF HOPE.

No Star of Hope as yet appears  
To lead them back to God.

The crushing power which rests upon  
Them, crushes more and more,  
And yet they rush presumptuous on,  
More stubborn than before.

The angels see them from above  
With wonder and with grief,  
And mov'd by sympathetic love,  
Fly down to their relief.

But no relief for them remains  
While they are mad in sin,  
Their rebel ways must all be chang'd  
From what they long have been.

It may be, some begin to think,  
(As on they rashly go,)  
That they are verging to the brink  
Of dreadful overthrow.

Perhaps the Star of Hope is now  
Arising to their sight,  
And casting on each mountain brow  
Some sweet and cheering light.

When down in deep contrition bow'd  
With shame upon their face,  
They all are calling loud on God  
For his restoring grace.

A bright and holy light will then  
Be pour'd upon their shore,  
And they'll become wise-hearted men  
To counsel war no more.

## NO COUNTRY LIKE OURS.

Here thirty-five Commonwealths grandly unite  
 In one of rare beauty and size,  
 While Angels in Heaven are filled with delight  
 To see such a nation arise.

We've heard of great States, the Republics of yore,  
 Bright shining almost as the sun,  
 But never on earth have such States been before  
 As those which are here now begun.

Far stretching down Southward and far to the East,  
 And far to the North and the West,  
 Lo, God the best soil has to us kindly leased  
 That mortals have ever possess'd.

A vast population is now treading here,  
 Most nobly engag'd at their toil,  
 They come from all parts of the world, far and near,  
 To dwell on American soil.

Vast armies and navies and government powers  
 Are with us, and vast ocean trade;  
 On earth, lo, the nation in majesty towers,  
 The grandest that God ever made.

O country illustrious, my dear native home!  
 How noble thy institutes are,  
 We've read of great Egypt and Persia and Rome,  
 But thou art exceeding them far.

Thy capitals shining in every State—  
 Thy monuments rising on high—

Thy bulwarks of freedom, enduring and great,  
Now gladden the earth and the sky.

My country excelling! how high is thy fame—  
How mighty thy riches and power!  
The bold winds of heaven are bearing thy name  
All over the earth at this hour.

O country immortal! I glory in thee,  
The land where the strangers find rest;  
Delighted, they hail thee far over the sea,  
And call thee the home of the blest.

Bright land of the Pilgrims! although for a time  
Thy sky was with clouds overcast,  
Those hours of affliction will only combine  
To make thee the brighter at last.

## **PART III.**

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### **ISRAEL AND PALESTINE.**

- 1. MARCHING TO AND THROUGH THE DESERT.**
- 2. ODE TO CANAAN.**
- 3. HARP OF JUDAH.**
- 4. THE FALL AND RISING IN ISRAEL.**





## MARCHING TO AND THRO' THE DESERT.

That was a most triumphant day  
When God took Israel's tribes away.  
The shaking earth, the list'ning skies,  
Oft heard their joyful songs arise,  
As they, a ransom'd, pilgrim band,  
Went marching through the *desert* land.

A wondrous prophet led the van  
In Egypt, where the march began.  
Majestic there the prophet mov'd  
From rank to rank till he had prov'd  
What Israel's ransom'd tribes would do  
When call'd to pass the *desert* through.

The Prophet, with his lifted rod,  
Smote Phar'oh's kingdom till it fell  
All broken by the power of God,  
To let the tribes of Israel,  
Unchain'd, untrammell'd, undismay'd,  
Pass out to where the *desert* laid.

But Egypt was not yet subdu'd;  
She gather'd her best troops that day,  
And after Israel swift pursu'd,  
To take him captive on the way,  
And thus restore the flying band  
Before they reach'd the *desert* land.

O 'tis a joyful thing to tell  
How God protected Israel—  
Defended them from tyrant power—  
Sustain'd them in the trying hour—  
Drown'd their pursuers in the sea,  
But set his struggling people free.

The rescu'd tribes with one accord  
Sang joyful songs then to the Lord.  
The earth, the air, the seas, the skies,  
All heard their sounding anthems rise,  
For help and succor they had found  
In marching to the *desert* ground.

Strong mountains now majestic rose  
'Twixt Israel and his vanquish'd foes—  
A mighty sea with rolling tide  
Divided them from Egypt's side.  
Thus safe, they all prepar'd anew  
To tread the gloomy *desert* through.

A fiery pillar blazing bright  
Was guide to Israel's host by night,  
A cloudy pillar, through the day,  
Still led them on their winding way.  
With these to guide and cheer them, too,  
They march'd the trackless *desert* through.

They hunger'd there, but Shiloh fed  
The hungry tribes with heavenly bread.  
In deep compassion—covenant love,  
He sent strange manna from above,  
And thus sustain'd the fainting band  
While traveling through the *desert* land.

Though years of travel, sweat and toil,  
Were pass'd on that Arabian soil,  
Their clothing suffered, as we're told,  
No waste at all—it wax'd not old,  
But as it was when work begun,  
So it remain'd when all was done.

It may seem like a tale or dream,  
But yet the thing is strangely true,  
That there a pure and living stream  
Pursu'd them all their journey through,  
To quench their raging thirst each day,  
As they mov'd on their pilgrim way.

Great Shiloh here was in command;  
Soon, led by his unerring hand,  
They came to Horeb, rising high  
Beneath a shaking, stormy sky,  
On which the God whom Israel fear'd,  
In august majesty appear'd.

Thick darkness, dreadful to the eye,  
Still darker gather'd on that sky.  
Tumultuous tempests more and more  
Pour'd out a dismal, deaf'ning roar,  
While trumpets, sounding shrill and fast,  
Shook the creation with their blast.

Terrific thunders, pealing loud,  
Broke from the dark impending cloud;  
The mountain shook, the rocks were broke  
Beneath the dashing lightning's stroke,  
And fiery flames shot through the air  
While trembling Israel tarried there.

Far up the mountain's craggy steep  
The Prophet's noble form appear'd,  
The shoes discharg'd from off his feet  
As he its lofty summit near'd,  
There to receive, with sacred awe,  
The words of God's eternal law.

The Lord descending from the sky  
In mystic form, pass'd slowly by  
To let the prophet faintly see  
The glory of his majesty.  
He saw, and from that secret place  
Talk'd with Jehovah, face to face.

But let me not forget to tell  
What numbers here inglorious fell  
Beneath Jehovah's kindled ire:  
Some by the sword, some by the fire,  
Some by the plague, which, in one day,  
Swept thousands of their host away.

The lightning's flash, the burning flame  
Swift from the Court of Heaven came,  
And swept, amid their guilty mirth,  
Two daring rebels from the earth.  
As quick as thought the thing was done,  
When all with them was lost or won.

The fathers there, 'mid lust and pride,  
Were stricken down and dreadful died—  
A harden'd, unbelieving race,  
Who found at last no burial place,  
But left their bodies on the sand  
To moulder in that *desert* land.

But lo! their sons whom Shiloh chose  
To serve his cause, immortal rose.  
(Their minds illum'd with heavenly light—  
Their Christian graces shining bright,)  
They humbly trod the *desert* through  
With Canaan's goodly land in view.

Their works, at morning, noon, and night,  
Were lovely in Jehovah's sight.  
They faithful toil'd, they earnest pray'd—  
They every order strict obey'd,  
A generation wise and true,  
Who nobly march'd the *desert* through.

The King of Bashan, in his might,  
Came forth to stand in daring fight  
Against these sons of God, and make  
Their vanquish'd legions quick forsake  
His boasted soil, or dreadful fall  
And perish—prophet, priest and all.

But Israel saw without a fear  
His bold presuming troops appear.  
They set the battle in array  
And made these vaunting hosts their prey,  
Till angels, shouting, saw them stand  
Brave conquerors on that Bashan land.

These valiant men did once arise,  
By special order from the skies,  
And fall upon their Midian foes  
And smite them with such dreadful blows  
That ne'er a power since time began  
Was spoil'd, as they spoil'd Midian.

There Am'lek came and boastful fought  
With Israel's host, but all for naught.  
The Prophet stood with hands and eyes  
Uprais'd to Shiloh in the skies,  
Who heard his earnest, urgent plea,  
And gave him there the victory.

However bold, however brave  
The host may be, the power to save  
Is still in instant prayer, and then  
When it's sustain'd by faithful men,  
Upholding both the Prophet's hands,  
While he before Jehovah stands.

There Moab's King called from the East  
A venal seer—a hireling priest,  
To vainly curse this conquering host  
Of God, now spreading o'er his coast,  
That he, in sweet exultant joy,  
Might that accursed host destroy.

An Angel from the realms of day,  
(With mighty sword grasp'd in his hand,)  
Withstood the hireling on his way  
And sternly gave him this command:  
Go, perverse Prophet, if you will,  
But yield to God's directions still.

The Prophet came, but not to curse—  
He came to do just the reverse—  
To bless the happy pilgrim band  
Here traveling to a promis'd land.  
With rightful views of them possessed,  
He thus the waiting king address'd:

“ As mighty lions, bold and strong,  
 These valiant tribes shall march along;  
 They'll through and through great vict'ries gain  
 And drink the blood of thousands slain—  
 High o'er the fallen Agag rise  
 And live when time and nature dies.

“ I see them spreading far and wide  
 Like gardens by the river side—  
 Like valleys fill'd with fruitful trees—  
 Like whited sails upon the seas,  
 Their goodly tents in order stand  
 Here on the heights of Moab's land.

“ What man of greatest power and skill  
 Can count the fourth of Israel?  
 They'll brightly shine and multiply  
 As numerous as the stars on high—  
 They'll live alone, and rich or poor,  
 Through every age of man endure.

“ Behold, when years of time are run,  
 A Star shall out of Jacob come—  
 A sceptre shall from him arise  
 And smite great Moab till he dies;  
 Mount Seir and Edom then shall fall  
 And Israel triumph over all.

“ Sure no enchantment can prevail  
 Against this host you would assail.  
 No divination can succeed  
 (Whate'er may be the time of need,)  
 Against a power which all must see,  
 The man that curses, curs'd must be.”



When this grave Prophet, young or old,  
Had thus his wondrous story told,  
Back to his ancient home he fled  
Without a gift, without reward,  
Content to leave what he had said  
To be accomplish'd by the Lord.

When Israel, often in distress,  
Was traveling through the wilderness,  
Lo! all was wild and waste and drear,  
No flowing streams nor rivers near—  
No springing fields, no bright display  
Of nature there to cheer their way.

At length they near'd great Palestine,  
The fairest land that eyes have seen—  
A land where generous fruits were growing—  
A land with milk and honey flowing—  
A land all robed in beauteous dress,  
Beyond the howling wilderness.

When Moses on the mountain stood  
And cast his eyes across the flood,  
He saw the blest abode before  
His wond'ring view; he saw the shore  
Where millions of his race would tread  
When he was number'd with the dead.

But though he saw the promis'd land  
Before him rise, before him stand,  
(However great its beauties were,)  
He could not cross and enter there.  
But yet he died, 'tis sweetly true,  
With Canaan's land distinct in view.

So when the steady Christian dies  
He casts his longing, wishful eyes,  
Up to that dear and blest abode  
Where he's to sweetly dwell with God.  
He sees it with untold delight,  
And dies with heaven itself in sight.

'Twas thus the Prophet sunk to rest—  
A holy man—most sweetly blest.  
He lived as few had lived before,  
He died in sight of Canaan's shore;  
He nobly stood, he joyful fell,  
Immortal Chief of Israel.

No other prophet ever stood  
As Moses did, for Israel's good—  
No other prophet e'er before  
Such part in holy labors bore,  
And hence, of all the human kind,  
He's left the greatest name behind.

Perhaps his like will ne'er again  
Arise among the sons of men,  
To faintless, fearless go before  
The hosts of God, and lead them o'er  
The Christian pilgrim's homeward way  
To lands Elysian far away.

In what lone glen—in what lone glade  
His body after death was laid—  
Upon what mountain's rocky steep—  
In what deep vale his ashes sleep,  
Is doubtless to the Angels known,  
If not to them, to God alone.

Perhaps the Prophet never saw  
The death demanded by the law,  
But while unseen by mortal eye  
Was quick translated to the sky;  
There, seated by Immanuel's side,  
A mortal man who never died.

He could have had at his command  
The boundless wealth of Egypt's land.  
He could have set in Phar'oh's seat,  
With princes bowing at his feet,  
And widely reign'd, historians say,  
The greatest monarch of his day.

Above it all he nobly rose;  
Such was his faith, he rather chose  
To live defam'd upon the earth  
Than pride himself in royal birth—  
He chose to live for God below  
And let these worldly honors go.

He sought a better portion far,  
To rise and be a shining star  
In heavenly light—he sought to gain  
A fadeless crown—to live and reign  
Where mighty Angels soar and sing,  
A glorious, bright, immortal King.

When this blest Prophet passed away,  
The Lord selected Joshua,  
The great, the gifted son of Nun,  
To carry through what he'd begun,  
And thus, with sacred joy, fulfil  
What he'd decreed for Israel.

This man was sent, with many more,  
To cross in haste to Canaan's shore—  
Thence move abroad with watchful care  
To see what men and things were there,  
And how the ent'ring tribes could best  
Proceed and take the promis'd rest.

When others to the Jewish court  
Brought back a feign'd, a false report,  
He bold withstood these faithless spies,  
Expos'd their fraud, rebuk'd their lies,  
And by deliv'rance wise and fair,  
Suppress'd a curs'd rebellion there.

The Lord, beholding from the sky,  
Declar'd these treach'rous men should die  
And perish in that *desert* land,  
While he and his, a worthier band,  
Should enter and possess the place  
Long promis'd to the Jewish race.

Before the last grand march began,  
Jehovah thus address'd this man:  
"Where'er you go, where'er you fight,  
Be sure you keep my laws in sight,  
Be faithful-working, true to me,  
Then 'as your day, your strength shall be.'

"Be thou courageous, bold, and strong,  
Make God thy trust, thy joy, thy song.  
I'll never fail thee, sick or well—  
I'll ne'er forsake my Israel;  
As I help'd Moses at the sea,  
Remember, man, I'll so help thee."

For pain or pleasure, gain or loss,  
The army now prepar'd to cross  
The flowing stream of Jordan o'er,  
And reach the long-sought, wish'd-for shore.  
Though bold and daring was the deed,  
They felt assur'd it would succeed.

No music sounds rung in their ears  
To cheer their minds, to quell their fears—  
No soothing strains broke from the skies  
To drive the tear drops from their eyes,  
But all was solemn, all was still  
Throughout the ranks of Israel.

The leader thus the host address'd:  
"Be firm, brave men, be self-possess'd.  
The Lord will interpose this day—  
He'll go before and ope the way,  
Defending by his powerful hand,  
Till on yon distant shore you stand."

In order now the army mov'd,  
Each kept his place, each soldier prov'd  
His trust in God, as on they went,  
Fast pressing down the deep descent,  
When, lo! he bid the stream divide  
And let them through to Canaan's side.

The Priests and Levites went before,  
As on the sacred ark they bore.  
The army follow'd, rank by rank,  
Descending still the rugged bank—  
Brave moving on, as armies do,  
Till all the mighty host was through.

The heavens beheld and wonder'd then—  
 The Angels shouted loud, Amen—  
 The earth re-echoed with their song,  
 Reverberating far along  
 The sounding banks of Canaan's shore,  
 When Israel pass'd the Jordan o'er.

To celebrate this great event,  
 They rais'd an humble monument  
 Upon the long remember'd height—  
 The joyful troops encamp'd that night,  
 To tell the wond'ring world always  
 What things were done in Israel's days.

The weary tribes arriv'd at home,  
 No more in *desert* lands to roam,  
 Now gazed delighted o'er the soil  
 Where they were hence to live and toil—  
 To till the ground—to gather store,  
 And rise to glory more and more.

But still their souls were not at rest,  
 The land was yet to be possess'd;  
 They'd safely cross'd the rolling flood,  
 But now the sword must stream with blood  
 Of myriads fallen, thousands slain,  
 Ere they could full possession gain.

Lo! on the morrow, solemn day,  
 The great commander, Joshua,  
 Espied a warrior near him stand  
 With battle blade grasp'd in his hand,  
 And instantly the hero cried:  
 Art thou, brave one, on Israel's side?

"As leader of the host, I'm come  
To finish what you've now begun—  
To help you with resistless might  
Drive out from hence the Canaanite—  
Each city take—each king dethrone,  
Till you can call this land your own."

On Jericho the first attack  
Was boldly made; there was no lack  
Of faith, or hope, or burning zeal—  
Of what men ought to do or feel  
To smite a city—strike a foe—  
Break hostile powers and lay them low.

But see the thousands dwelling here,  
(Now seized with trembling, filled with fear,)  
Combin'd in one defensive throng,  
To make the fastenings all so strong,  
No mortal powers which e'er have been  
Could force a breach and enter in.

But God was there with strength to break  
The brazen bars of every gate—  
To smite the city with his hand,  
And blot it quickly from the land—  
A city to perdition hurl'd  
And swept in vengeance from the world.

"Go, warriors, go," Jehovah said,  
"Go take the place, you've naught to dread.  
Whate'er their substance or their gain,  
Let nothing of the whole remain.  
The gold and silver give to me,  
But spoil the rest eternally.

“ With flying banners bravely go,  
 March round and round this Jericho.  
 Let not a single rank be broke—  
 Let not a whisp'ring word be spoke;  
 Let nothing but the trumpet's blast  
 Ring out, till all the host has pass'd.

“ But let the trumps so loudly sound,  
 They'll make the vaulted skies resound,  
 And let at last such shouts be heard  
 As never winds or waters stirr'd.  
 When this full seven days is done,  
 The glorious triumph will be won.”

So at the last loud, mighty roar  
 Of voices, trumpets breaking o'er  
 The rising hills, the distant fields,  
 In sounds as loud as thunder-peals,  
 This guilty city prostrate fell  
 An easy prey to Israel.

Almost as quick as lightning's flash  
 The inmates heard the dreadful crash  
 Of walls and towers; and sore dismay'd,  
 They saw the palm-tree city laid  
 (With all her wealth—with all her worth,)  
 A pile of ruins on the earth.

Thus all the powers of darkness must  
 Tremendous fall and lie in dust.  
 Whate'er defences brave and strong  
 To them pertain, to them belong,  
 Yet all, (though leagued with death and hell,)  
 Must fall before Immanuel.



But let me not forget to say,  
These tribes mov'd on their conquering way  
Till all the land to them was given,  
A type of what's reserved in heaven  
For those who march the *desert* through  
With God's eternal rest in view.

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## ODE TO CANAAN.

Hail! thou land of sacred story,  
Where the Lord on earth did dwell—  
Land indeed of light and glory,  
As ten thousand tongues can tell:

Chosen country—  
Promis'd land of Israel.

There were sacred, lofty mountains,  
Round whose top the sunbeams play'd—  
There were beauteous, holy fountains,  
Flowing down through glen and glade,

All in mercy  
For the world's redemption made.

There was Tabor with its steepness—  
There Gilboa lonely stands—  
There was Olive with its sweetness—  
There was Gilead with its balms.

Lovely Canaan !  
Thou wast fairest of all lands.

There was Merom with its Feeders—  
There was Bashan with its trees,  
There were mighty oaks and cedars

Nobly waving in the breeze.  
Lakes and mountains!  
None on earth were e'er like these.

There was Jordan wildly flowing—  
There was bright Gennessaret;  
There were breezes coolly blowing  
When the evening sun was set.  
Land delightful!  
Everywhere remember'd yet.

There the Fathers built their altars—  
There they oft were sorely tried,  
And my tongue it almost falters  
While I tell how there they died.  
In Machpelah,  
They lay sleeping side by side.

There the prophets, high in station,  
Taught the ways of God to men;  
There they spoke by inspiration—  
Wrote with an immortal pen.  
Days of wonder!  
Ne'er to be on earth again.

There was David, God's Anointed,  
Rais'd to the imperial throne;  
There he ruled, by heaven appointed,  
And immortal vict'ries won.  
Prince illustrious!  
Type of God's eternal son.

There the temple shining brightly,  
Spread its glories all abroad;  
There the angels, watching nightly,  
Kept the sacred place for God.

Happy country!  
Where celestial choirs abode.

There great battles by that nation,  
In support of truth were fought;  
There the wonders of salvation,  
On from age to age were wrought.

Blessed people!  
They eternal glory sought.

There a city, beauteous, splendid,  
Fairest known since time begun,  
Was establish'd and defended  
By great David's greater son.

O! the grandeur  
Of the reign of Solomon.

There the gifted bard Isaiah,  
Lived and labor'd, soar'd and sung—  
There he spoke of the Messiah,  
As no other seer had done.

O! that prophet!  
What a cherish'd name he's won.

There the faithful Jeremiah,  
Sadly mourn'd great Salem's fall,  
There he wander'd, weeping, wailing,  
Round her broken, ruin'd wall.

Ruined Salem,  
Ruin'd Judah, ruin'd all!

There, when seventy years were ended,  
Nehemiah and his band  
Came with heavenly power attended,  
To restore their native land.

Then, fair Salem  
Rose again at God's command.

There the long expected Saviour,  
Came from glory down to men—  
There he took and wore our nature,  
To restore the world again.

Hail Judea!  
Hail thou land of Bethlehem!

There a new star brightly glowing,  
Did the azure sky adorn,  
Thus to mortals gladly showing  
Where the Christ of God was born.

Angels shouting,  
Ushered in the happy morn.

There he wrought his signs and wonders,  
Proving his divinity;  
There he ruled the rolling thunders—  
There he calm'd the raging sea.


O! what power!  
Showing vast infinity.

There he gave himself to teaching  
Precious truths from place to place;  
There he spent his life in preaching  
Free redemption to our race,

Fondly calling  
Israel to receive the grace.

There was famous Mount Moriah—  
There was bloody Calvary;  
There the Great, the Blest Messiah,  
Died upon the cursed tree.

O! the wonders  
Of that sacred mystery.



There he rose and high ascended,  
Having conquer'd death and hell,  
While angelic bands attended,  
Crying, Hail Immanuel!

High in heaven  
Let the King of Glory dwell.

There the gospel dispensation  
Open'd with its visions bright—  
There the promis'd spirit coming,  
Spread abroad celestial light.

While with rapture,  
Jews and Gentiles hail'd the sight.

There the gospel in its glory,  
First began its bright career,  
Sweetly telling Calvary's story  
To the fondly list'ning ear—

Tidings bringing  
To all nations far and near.

There the Jewish people breaking  
Holy covenant with their God—  
Ways of righteousness forsaking,  
Suffer'd from his chastening rod—

Gross apostates  
In the land their fathers trod.

Yet they reckless, unrepenting,  
Fell to sorer judgments fast,  
Till their guilty tribes were scatter'd  
Like the dust before the blast.

All were driven  
From the father-land at last.

But, though fallen, scatter'd, broken,  
Yet their children shall be free;

They'll return, for God has spoken,  
From their long captivity.

Suff'ring nation!  
There's a brighter day for thee.

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## HARP OF JUDAH.

The harp which made the sweetest sound  
That ever echo'd on the earth,  
Was struck on Judah's holy ground,  
Which gave the sacred poets birth.

In early days the strain began,  
And o'er the plains of Israel spread—  
Triumphant on, it grandly ran,  
By heavenly inspiration led.

On Hermon's top among the trees,  
Where rattling thunders loudly rung,  
Was often heard upon the breeze,  
The strains which Judah's poets sung.

Along the vale where Cedron flows,  
Where once the pensive Saviour trod,  
The songs of Judah's poets rose,  
Ascending sweetly up to God.

Far o'er those wide extended fields,  
At morning time, nor less at even,  
Their flowing music rolled in peals  
So loud, 'twas joyful heard in heaven.

There David tuned the sounding lyre—  
There Asaph spoke immortal things,  
Both burning with celestial fire  
As long and loud they touch'd the strings.

Hosea there and Habakkuk

Each in his turn both sung and wept,  
Nor dare we say which of them struck  
The sacred lyre to best effect.

It was not here, as in those lands  
Renown'd for polish'd, classic lore,  
Where every hand that struck the harp,  
Was by some venal poet bore.

What Homer sung—what Byron sings,  
Is sometimes neither true nor wise,  
But O! the strokes upon these strings  
Were all directed from the skies.

These Bards are now no longer there,  
They've gone, like setting stars, to rest—  
Their bodies in the sepulchre—  
Their spirits on the Saviour's breast.

The harp is mute in Judah's halls,  
It sounds no more on Israel's plains—  
No bard, when great occasion calls,  
Is there to wake the cheering strains.

But while these ancient poets lay  
Mouldering beneath the grassy turf,  
Their music strains will live till they  
Are learn'd and sung o'er all the earth.

Is Israel's land now trodden down,  
Its palmy days of glory o'er?  
Have prophet, priest, and king, and crown,  
All pass'd away to be no more?

The prophets have not spoke in vain,  
They tell us of a joyful day  
When Israel shall return again,  
And Shiloh wash their sins away.

New strains will then triumphant break,  
New anthems ring from shore to shore,  
And all the land of Israel shake  
With shoutings never heard before.

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## THE FALL AND RISING IN ISRAEL.

When Christ was crucified  
Upon Moriah's height,  
There hung, and bled and died,  
In God and Angels' sight,  
A midnight darkness sudden fell  
On all the land of Israel.

The temple, tall and fair,  
(Adorn'd with every grace,)  
Which stood so proudly there,  
Now totter'd on its base.  
Its veil, from top to bottom tore,  
Was rent away to be no more.

No storm was in the air—  
No thunder peal was heard,  
But yet a power was there,  
Which all creation stirr'd.  
The rocks were from the mountains hurl'd,  
And dread convulsions shook the world.

Successive quakings burst,  
(At that mysterious hour,)  
With slighter sound at first,  
Then with increasing power,  
'Till stroke on stroke so mighty pass'd,  
The vast creation shook at last.



They put him there to death,  
In unrelenting wrath,  
But God, with angry breath,  
Has scatter'd them like chaff—  
Pursu'd them still with frowning face  
And made them long a suff'ring race.

The end of all their aim  
Was terribly to pour  
Contempt upon his name  
Till time should be no more.  
Instead of this, they've rais'd him high,  
While they and theirs are doom'd to die.

But though the dismal veil  
Is now upon their mind,  
Another day they'll hail  
Him Saviour of mankind.  
They'll glad return, and loud proclaim,  
Through all their land, Messiah's name.

A remnant of their race,  
Selected from the rest,  
And saved by sovereign grace,  
Perhaps will praise him best  
Of all the blood-wash'd, ransom'd throng,  
Which to the earthly church belong.

They'll sweetest voices raise—  
They'll loud Hosannas sing,  
And celebrate his praise,  
Till hills and valleys ring  
With ceaseless songs of joy and mirth,  
Enrapturing to the list'ning earth.

## PART IV.

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The attention is here drawn to certain night-watchings and night-scenes, the most remarkable of any that have occurred on earth, in connection with which there is an exhibition of the sleepless and deathless nature of the soul and its subsequent value.

1. WATCH NIGHT IN GOSHEN.
2. WATCH NIGHTS IN SHUSHAN.
3. WATCH NIGHT AT BETHLEHEM.
4. WATCH NIGHT IN GETHESEMANE.
5. WATCH NIGHTS AT THE SEPULCHRE.
6. THE PRISONERS.
7. THE SOUL.



## WATCH NIGHT IN GOSHEN.

In Egypt once a suff'ring band  
Was order'd to forsake the land—  
To be prepar'd, at morning light,  
To take their swift and joyful flight  
To some new home far o'er the sea,  
And there enjoy sweet liberty.

The Hebrew's God was strangely there,  
In earth and sky and sea and air—  
In darkness, hail, and fire, and storm—  
In every fearful, frightful form,  
He'd come in vengeance from his throne  
To make his name in Egypt known.

This pow'rful God, with stroke on stroke,  
The Hebrew captive's chains had broke,  
And fill'd him with the pleasing thought  
That, by these works which Heaven had wrought,  
He was redeem'd, no more to be  
A slave in dread captivity.

A mighty Angel, swift in flight,  
Went through the trembling land that night.  
By strict commandment from the sky,  
He pass'd the Hebrew dwellings by,  
But dreadful smote, with chast'ning hand,  
The other dwellings of the land.

These favor'd ones (with sleepless eyes  
Now steady watching,) heard the cries  
Of thousands through each vast domain,  
Loud weeping, wailing o'er their slain,  
For oh! in countless homes, 'tis said,  
Lay all the *first-born*, stricken dead.

They saw the awful, wasting tide  
Of ruin, spreading far and wide—  
They saw the kingdom falling down—  
The throne, the palace, and the crown;  
Then heard the cry, Up now and flee,  
O Israel, far beyond the sea.

They watch'd in faith, and hope, and fear,  
To see the coming day appear—  
They ready stood with staff in hand  
To fly from that ill-fated land,  
And travel on from day to day  
To find a rest, far, far away.

And when the morning light was come,  
No trump was heard nor sound of drum—  
No banners floated on the air—  
No marshal'd troops paraded there,  
But early on that opening day  
They quick and quiet pass'd away.

But while they cross'd the wide spread plain,  
'Twas never to return again.  
They bid adieu to all around,  
To Phar'oh's people, Phar'oh's ground,  
Then hasted forward to the sea,  
Exulting in their liberty.

## WATCH NIGHTS IN SHUSHAN.

There was a time, then known to few,  
When Persia's pious queen withdrew  
And spent long nights, (with sleepless eyes  
Uprais'd in weeping to the skies,)  
Entreating to her Saviour dear,  
Relief from dread destruction near.

While others peaceful round her slept,  
She still watch'd on and pray'd and wept.  
But ere the final morning broke,  
The comforter within her spoke  
And said, O weeper! peace, be still,  
There's yet relief for Israel.

Go thou to-morrow, fearless go  
Forth to the king, be firm, be true,  
And let the reigning monarch know  
The mischief Haman means to do.  
He'll not reject, but hear your pray'r,  
And give you timely comfort there.

So when the morning sun arose,  
(All waking now from night's repose,)  
In hopeful expectation led,  
Away she to the palace fled  
And enter'd in, a trembling thing,  
To seek relief from Persia's king.

Before his majesty she stood,  
Still looking up, in faith and love,  
To God the Great, the Just, the Good,  
For needed succor from above;

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And hence, the ear she sought to gain  
Was not a moment sought in vain.

"What's thy petition now," said he,  
"It shall be freely granted thee,  
To half, at least, the kingdom's worth—  
To half that I possess on earth.  
No longer, lovely queen, repine,  
All I can give shall sure be thine."

At prudent hour she made her plea—  
She told him of the dread decree  
He'd sign'd with an incautious hand,  
To extirpate from Persia's land  
The people dear from whence she came,  
Of blessed, high, and holy name,  
*Whose fathers once in Jewry trod,*  
*The people of the living God.*

"Fear not, thou fair one, chaste and brave!  
I'll yet thy suff'ring people save—  
I'll bid them rise with all their might—  
Provide them armor for the fight,  
And with the help that I can give,  
Their foes shall die, but they shall live."

Resulting from these nights of prayer,  
She found relief from all her care.  
He promptly answer'd her request—  
He gave her suppliant people rest,  
And set ten thousand shouting round,  
For great deliv'rance they had found.

**WATCH NIGHT AT BETHLEHEM.**

Lo! once amid the dead of night,  
A flood of new and heavenly light  
Burst forth, in mystic form, from God,  
And spread refulgent all abroad,  
Displaying, in a wondrous way,  
The glories of the *Gospel Day*.

Then suddenly an Angel band  
Came flying o'er the Promis'd Land,  
And sung in loud and lofty strains,  
Above Judea's sounding plains,  
The song of our Redeemer's birth,  
To watchers list'ning on the earth.

Hark! how their hosts, transported, cry,  
"All Glory be to God on High;"  
"Good will to Men" is publish'd there,  
Loud ringing through the midnight air,  
And "Peace on Earth" is echo'd round,  
"With sweet salvation in the sound."

Yes, gracious Heaven! 'twas sweetly then  
That God reveal'd to mortal men  
The brightest scene which earth has known—  
The brightest day which ever shone,  
Since that disgraceful, guilty fall,  
Which ruin'd man, and earth, and all.

The message brought was strange, 'twas new,  
It bid the watchers haste to view  
The babe in David's City born,



As closed the night, as came the morn,  
As pass'd the joyful seasons when  
These things were done at Bethlehem.

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### WATCH NIGHT IN GETHSEMANE.

There was a time, remember'd yet,  
When Jesus, in a bloody sweat  
Lay bath'd—a dreadful sight!  
His voice, while others round were still,  
Rose up and spread o'er Olives' Hill,  
All mournful in the night.

Lo! here a suff'ring worm I lie  
In mighty pain and agony,  
O'erwhelm'd with matchless grief.  
In vain I cry with panting breath,  
Oh! save my sorrowing soul from death,  
There's none to give relief.

See, how from every opening wound,  
The blood flows out and stains the ground!  
See how the gushing tears,  
Roll down his pale and throbbing cheeks,  
While still in agony he seeks  
Deliv'rance from his fears.

“O! hear me, Father, while I pray!  
Now take the bitter cup away,  
And save me from this hour,  
When hosts of hell, (awak'd, enrag'd,)  
With kings and priests are fierce engag'd  
Thy Darling to devour.

“ But if it be thy sovereign will  
That I must bear these suff’rings still,  
Thy will supreme be done.  
Though in the deepest depths of wo,  
I must unchang’d, unchanging show  
The deference of a son.”

But while he watch’d, and pray’d, and wept,  
Lo! the Disciples shameful slept  
Hard by upon the ground.  
He bade them watch the night away;  
Instead of this they senseless lay  
All wrapt in sleep profound.

Yet ere the morning sun arose,  
They, sorrowing, woke from their repose,  
And all intensely pray’d.  
But oh! the watching time was past,  
The sad event had come at last,  
And Christ was now betray’d.

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## WATCH NIGHTS AT THE SEPULCHRE.

There was a time when Jesus laid  
Wrapt in the dark and dismal shade  
Of his sequester’d tomb.  
No voice was heard; no, not a breath—  
But all around was still as death  
Amid the fearful gloom.

The Roman guards, with spears in hand, ●  
Stood there, a bold, intrepid band,  
Almost without a stir,

To watch around the Stranger's grave,  
And keep, with manly courage brave,  
The solemn Sepulchre.

A noise was sometimes heard through earth,  
A bursting cry, a song of mirth,  
A shout from glen and glade;  
But all was quiet, all was still,  
Upon each plain, and field, and hill,  
Round where the Saviour laid.

Another evening sun now set—  
Another night, more dismal yet,  
Came falling on the ground.  
The mourners shed their bitter tears,  
And yielded still to greater fears,  
Amid the awe profound.

But while he thus, in silence, slept  
Amid the gloom, and mourners wept  
In sorrow for the slain,  
An earthquake, dread and awful, broke,  
When lo! the sleeping Saviour woke,  
And rose to life again.

Amid the terrors of that night,  
The Roman guards were fill'd with fright,  
And fled in haste away.  
Whate'er the moving cause had been,  
They all were gone, not one was seen  
There at the break of day.

No night on earth has e'er been past  
Like that great night, which was the last  
Christ slumber'd with the dead.

The hosts of hell were gather'd there,  
While bands of Angels filled the air,  
All watching round his bed.

As closed this long remember'd night,  
They saw a day of brighter light  
(Than e'er before had been,)  
In glory open here below,  
To chase away despair and wo,  
And save the world from sin.

They further learn'd from these watch-hours  
How faint and feeble are the powers  
Of earth and hell combin'd.  
They saw that these must quickly fall,  
And Jesus triumph over all  
As Saviour of mankind.

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### THE PRISONERS.

As Paul and Silas made their way  
Through ancient Macedonia,  
They came to Philippi,  
Where, lo, they both (without a fault,)  
Were thrust into a prison vault  
To pine away and die.

Their cell was well secur'd with locks,  
Their weary feet made fast in stocks,  
And in this dreadful plight  
They yielded not to sad despair,  
But gave themselves to praise and pray'r,  
And so they pass'd the night.

While there, they join'd and sweetly sung  
Till all the gloomy prison rung  
    With their delightful lays.  
The prison'rs heard the joyful sound  
Loud ringing through the cells around,  
    And sought to join the praise.

Then, in the lonely midnight hour,  
They cried to God for helping power,  
    And soon that power was sent.  
In some mysterious way, unknown,  
The prison doors were open thrown,  
    And every chain was rent.

Jehovah wrought in wonder there—  
Strange thunder sounds roll'd through the air  
    And shook the region round.  
The prison nodded to a fall,  
And every pillar, every wall  
    Now trembled to the ground.

That was a signal night, indeed,  
When Paul and Silas thus were freed  
    From danger and from thrall;  
And sent in triumph on their way,  
As they were hast'ning to obey  
    The Macedonian call.

Resulting from this wakeful night,  
They had the pleasing, happy sight,  
    (In that lone prison place,)  
Of seeing men\* who long had been  
The willing slaves of sense and sin,  
    Reclaim'd by sovereign grace.

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\*The jailor and his family became christians.

## THE SOUL

When stillness reigns through earth and air—  
When nature sleepeth everywhere—  
When round the calm and cloudless sky  
The stars are shining silently—  
When on the gardens, fields and hills,  
The dew, in noiseless drops, distills—  
When not a speaking voice is heard—  
When not a slumb'ring head is stirr'd;  
Lo! then the soul is active still,  
Not less in judgment than in will;  
Sometimes devising wond'rous schemes—  
Sometimes producing stirring dreams;  
Oft moving strangely on the heart,  
Until the sleeper's feelings start  
And rouse him from his slumb'ring bed,  
As one awaking from the dead.  
Lo! then he vents some deep-drawn sighs,  
Or utters wild and startling cries,  
Oft calling, with a gentle voice,  
His fellow sleeper to rejoice,  
At fancied music, soft and clear,  
He thinks is falling on his ear,  
Or at some visions, strange and bright,  
He thinks are breaking on his sight.

There's quiet for the breast that bleeds,  
To give the sweet relief it needs;  
There's slumber for the eye that weeps,  
But O the soul, it never sleeps.

Mysterious spirit! quick as light,  
Thy thoughts leap out and take their flight  
To some untravers'd realm afar,  
Illum'd by neither sun nor star—  
To some harmonious world above,  
Where all the life's a life of love;  
Or some discordant world below,  
Where all the life's a life of wo.  
Now, lighting on great battle fields,  
They're riding on the chariot wheels,  
Which, rolling there in thund'ring sound,  
Once spread destruction o'er the ground;  
Or, mounted on some rocky height,  
Amid the darkness of the night,  
They gaze and shudder at the storm  
Which, fierce and howling, sweeps along.  
Then quick they fly to deserts wild  
Where blooming nature never smil'd—  
Where human footsteps never trod,  
And none is present there but God.  
Now they are roving on the shore,  
Where troubled waters ceaseless roar;  
Now rising up the mountain steep—  
Now riding on the rolling deep—  
Now plunging in some vast abyss—  
Now leaping down some precipice—  
Now wand'ring in some lonely cave—  
Now weeping o'er some hero's grave;  
From place to place, through earth and air,  
They're flying, flying everywhere.  
Now they go back and see with awe  
The dreadful sight that Noah saw,  
Of nations to destruction hurl'd,  
Beneath the flood which drown'd the world.

Then they go forward to the ground  
Where, marshal'd at the trumpet's sound,  
The powers of darkness and of light  
Will rush at last to desp'rate fight,  
And leave on Armageddon's plain,  
A countless host of warriors slain.  
Thence on they fly to that dread hour,  
When God will come in awful power  
To sweep the ocean from its bed  
And call from thence the slumb'ring dead—  
To dash the mountain from its base—  
Remove the island from his place,  
And bid the world, all wrapt in flame,  
Return to nothing whence it came.

When that great day was usher'd in,  
That Christ atoned for mortal sin,  
The earth with dread convulsions shook—  
The massive rocks, upheav'd and broke,  
In frightful forms lay scatter'd round  
Upon the shaking, shudd'ring ground,  
Which, stain'd and gory, drank the blood  
Of the incarnate Son of God.  
The sun, which had so brightly blazed  
Amid the skies, now stood amazed.  
From hour to hour upon that day  
He hid his face, and not a ray  
Of cheering light was joyful giv'n  
To mortals there, from earth or heav'n.  
Lo! all was dark, and deep'ning gloom  
(As dread as that which veils the tomb,)  
When Shiloh hung upon the tree,  
And died in untold agony,  
To pay the vast stupendous debt



Which mortals owed (some owe it yet,\*)  
To God's avenging law, which then  
Was honor'd and restor'd again.  
Deep silence had before this spread  
Through all the mansions of the dead.  
But now the graves were open thrown,  
The wasting flesh, the mould'ring bone  
Resum'd their life, and from the dust  
Departed saints, the good and just,  
Arose to live on earth anew,  
Redeem'd in soul and body too.  
The powers of earth and hell were there,  
(In joyful hope, or else despair,)  
To see what none had seen before,  
And seeing once, will see no more,  
The execution of the plan  
Which God devis'd for saving man.  
Immortal soul, of heavenly birth!  
Great is thy price, vast is thy worth!  
In vain the mighty Angels try  
With all the learning of the sky  
To solve the problem, what it cost  
To save the soul of man when lost.  
The prophets came, as prophets say,  
To show to fallen men the way  
From earth to that Divine abode  
Where saints are always praising God,  
For grace amazing, free and great,  
Which sav'd them from their lost estate.  
But while the prophets, young and old,  
Have spoken long, they've scarcely told  
The half of that stupendous whole  
Which mercy did to save the soul.

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\*Those who reject the ransom must pay the penalty still.

Thou ever-thinking, deathless soul!  
When yonder planets cease to roll—  
When moons all fade, and in his turn  
The sun of day shall cease to burn—  
When at the last loud trumpet's sound,  
The heav'ns come tumbling to the ground—  
When mountains, loosening to and fro,  
Fall crashing on the plains below—  
When waves, which dash on every shore,  
Lie sleeping there to dash no more—  
When cities, castles, temples, towers,  
And kingdoms, too, with all their powers,  
Are on the last great burning day  
Consum'd in flames and pass away—  
When time, O soul, its course has run,  
Then thy existence, just begun,  
Shall still continue on and be  
Commensurate with Deity.  
When sun or moon no longer shines,  
Then thou shalt pass to other climes  
(Unhurt by burning seas and skies,)  
To live a life that never dies,  
Thou may'st in heavenly light abide,  
Close by the reigning Saviour's side;  
Thou may'st in bitter weeping go  
Unsav'd to fiery deeps below,  
And live, alas! in some sad place  
Far distant from thy Maker's face.  
Whate'er thy fate or state may be,  
Thy life-time is eternity.

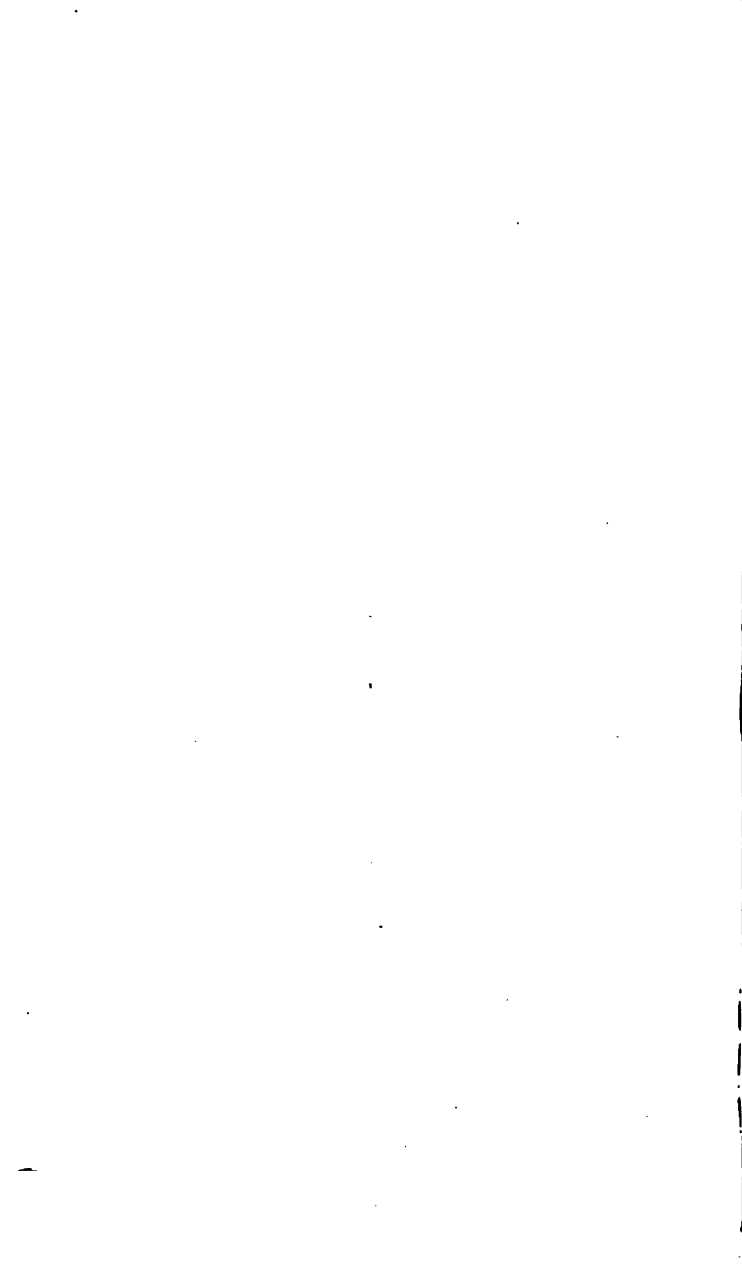
O, thou immortal soul of man!  
Who can thy secret workings scan,  
Or comprehend, with deepest thought,

Thy form, thy nature, curious wrought  
And put within this mortal frame,  
("A vital spark, a heavenly flame,")  
With force amazing to control  
The works of life, and guide the whole  
To righteous or to evil ends,  
Just as the ruling motive tends  
To lead thee on, mysterious power!  
From day to day, from hour to hour.  
Thy recollection, clear and vast,  
Can never fail thee, but 'twill last  
While endless ages onward roll,  
Still strong abiding in the soul.  
Where'er thou art when time is past,  
(In happiness or wo, at last,)  
Thy recollection, vast and great,  
Must needs connect this present state  
With that which shall hereafter be—  
Join time to all eternity.  
Thy conscious sense of good or ill  
Will deep remain within thee still;  
Where'er thou art, in joy or pain,  
'Twill make thee feel thy loss or gain,  
Is consequent to thee alone,  
Of choice which was and is thine own.

## PART V.

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1. ADDRESS TO THE SUN.
2. ADDRESS TO THE SUN, CONTINUED.
3. THE SEA.
4. THE SEA AGAIN.
5. PERISHED CITIES AND NATIONS.



## ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O Sun! e'er since thy rays at first  
Upon the vast creation burst,  
Thou hast been spreading light afar,  
From moon to moon, from star to star—  
Hast been for thousand, thousand years,  
The radiant point of rolling spheres.

Hadst thou a tongue to speak and tell  
What creatures on these planets dwell,  
Methinks thou wouldst not, couldst not fail,  
To tell a long and pleasing tale  
Of what thou seest from day to day  
On worlds of wonder far away.

Resplendent Sun! Lo! thou dost see  
The distant orb of Mercury.  
And have they flowing streamlets there  
Which echo to the sounding air?  
And have they sunny fields and plains  
Where one unceasing Spring-time reigns?

And thou dost see where fiery Mars  
Is blazing out amid the stars.  
And have they cities growing *there*,  
Magnificent, and tall, and fair,  
Where commerce spreads her ample stores  
Upon a thousand shining shores?

So thou dost see where Venus flies,  
The brightest planet in the skies.  
And are there nations spreading o'er  
That beauteous world from shore to shore?  
And have those nations reigning kings,  
With schools and courts and all such things?

And thou dost shine on Pallas too,  
Diffusing light and brightness through  
Her vast domains; and have they there  
Delightful mansions kept with care—  
And do those mansions ring with mirth  
As ours do here upon the earth?

And shall we pass fair Ceres by?  
We cannot do this honorably.  
She has her circuit round the sun,  
And may have special glory won  
By high exploits and noble deeds,  
Wherein she other worlds exceeds.

And are there Seasons, Spring and Fall,  
Upon that bright celestial ball?  
And have they rich producing grounds  
Where all luxuriant fruit abounds?  
And have they gardens, trees and flowers,  
And blooming fields and groves like ours?

And thou dost shine on Juno's plain,  
The most eccentric of the train.  
And have they wide-spread forests there  
To which the savage beasts repair,  
And rove for thousand, thousand miles,  
Through trackless wastes and desert wilds?

So thou dost see with thy bright eyes,  
Where Vesta rolls, the fifth in size.  
And have they mountains, bold and high,  
There rising mighty to the sky?  
And have they rivers, deep and wide,  
There rolling down their ceaseless tide?

Where Jupiter moves on his way,  
There thou dost shine, creating day.  
And are there on that mighty sphere  
Great battles fought, as there are here?  
Do armies march with flags unfurl'd,  
And navies float around the world?

And thou dost see where Saturn rolls  
Stupendous on his steady poles.  
Then tell us, do there storms arise  
And sweep along the sounding skies?  
Do thunders there tremendous roll  
And shake that globe from pole to pole?

So thou dost cast thy rays as far  
As Herschel moves, that sluggish star.  
And do fierce snows and dashing rains  
And hail-storms beat upon his plains?  
Do noisy winds there rudely blow,  
And tides unceasing ebb and flow?

Millions of miles beyond all this,  
Behold thou seest where Neptune is.  
And have they spacious temples there  
Where thousands meet for praise and pray'r?  
And does that distant world always  
Resound with great Jehovah's praise?



Come tell us now, thou glorious sun!  
Are things like these most surely done  
Upon those worlds which round thee fly,  
All bright and dazzling in the sky?  
Thou answer'st not, but well we know,  
By silent vote thou sayst, 'tis so.

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## ADDRESS TO THE SUN, CONTINUED.

The song which we have thus begun,  
We glad prolong to thee, O Sun!  
Thou seest indeed, with flaming eyes,  
What things are done around the skies;  
But just as well dost see and know  
The things transpiring here below.

When Paradise was form'd so fair,  
Then thou didst see, for thou wast there,  
And o'er its banks, and bowers, and streams,  
Didst cast abroad thy sunny beams,  
And gild, with brightness of thy face,  
That blessed, holy, happy place.

When old Methuselah, firm and strong,  
Lived on from age to age so long,  
Then thou didst shine upon his ways,  
And lengthen out his pilgrim days,  
For changeless through the race he run,  
Thou wast his rising, setting Sun.

When earth, once stain'd with crime and blood,  
Was drown'd beneath the mighty flood—

When angels saw, (as angels flew,)  
A ransom'd world emerge to view,  
Then thou didst rise, with splendor bright,  
On that new world to give it light.

When Egypt rose, and ruled, and fell,  
As old historic records tell,  
Then thou, O Sun, through all those days  
Wast shining still with fadeless rays,  
And constantly surveying all,  
Didst see her rise—didst see her fall.

When Moses stood on Pisgah high,  
(The chosen place for him to die,)  
And cast his eyes across the strand  
To sweetly view the Promis'd Land,  
Then thou wast there, to give him light  
For that transporting, blissful sight.

When Judah's hero, Joshua,  
Devoutly sought a lengthen'd day,  
That he might be reveng'd upon  
His enemies at Gibeon,  
Then thou, O bright and burning Sun!  
Didst there stand still till it was done.

When on Mount Sion's radiant height,  
The Temple stood, so fair and bright—  
When 'twas so dazzling to the eye  
Of every stranger passing by,  
'Twas thou, O Sun, with fervid glow,  
Which made the structure glitter so.

When Christ, the Lord, on earth was born,  
Then thou didst wake that happy morn,

And (like the glorious, heavenly light  
Which burst upon the Shepherds' sight,)  
Pour streams of brightness down to earth  
To gild the spot that gave him birth.

So when he hung upon the tree  
And died in dreadful agony,  
Then thou didst straight withdraw thy light  
And leave the land all wrapt in night—  
Yes, then thou didst thy glory hide,  
And wouldst not shine when Shiloh died.

So, on that holy day of rest,  
Which God and men alike have blest,  
When Jesus rose triumphant o'er  
Death and the grave to die no more,  
Then thou, O Sun! with beauteous ray,  
Didst bring the Christian Sabbath Day.

When first the great Apostle band  
(Whate'er might be their gain or loss,)  
Went forth to tell in every land  
The joyful story of the cross,  
Then thou didst bring, with lustre bright,  
The opening days of Gospel Light.

When darkness of long ages past  
Was breaking and dispersing fast—  
When reformation, wise and wide,  
Was spreading far on every side,  
Then thou didst shine, with all thy powers,  
To bless those great immortal hours.

When that momentous time was come,  
(Proclaimed by sounding trump and drum,)

That mightiest armies rush'd to fight  
At Austerlitz, terrific sight!  
Then thou didst see the whole affray,  
And make it an immortal day.

When shout, and peal, and cannon sound  
Were shaking the creation round—  
When fires of battle, rising high,  
Were blazing frightful to the sky,  
Then thou didst see and shudder too  
O'er what was done at Waterloo.

When our illustrious fathers rose  
To arms against oppressing foes,  
And all refused to longer own  
Allegiance to the British throne,  
Then thou didst bring a welcome day  
Of freedom to America.

When right with them supremely reign'd,  
And there they stood and bold proclaim'd  
Their independence all abroad,  
And feared not man, but only God,  
Then thou didst make that day indeed  
Forever glorious to the freed.

When Christ, at length, assumes command,  
And rules alike o'er sea and land—  
When noise, and strife, and war shall cease,  
And all the earth is hush'd to peace,  
Then thou, O Sun, with bright display,  
Shalt bring the grand Millennial day.

When all the nations join to swell  
The praises of Immanuel—  
When saints and angels, in their strains,

Proclaim it loud that Shiloh reigns,  
Then thou shalt long and sweetly bless  
The earth, with Sabbath hours of rest.

And when these scenes of time are o'er,  
Then thou shalt set to rise no more;  
Time past—eternity begun—  
Behold! another, brighter Sun  
Will then arise with fadeless ray,  
And usher in eternal day.

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### THE SEA.

We're told of isles which lonely sleep  
Far in the bosom of the deep,  
Where not a note, through silent dell,  
Is heard from sounding horn or bell—  
Where not a human dwelling stands  
In beauteous form on cultured lands,  
But nature, waste, and wild, and rude,  
Presents one boundless solitude.

There morning suns perpetual rise  
And pour their brightness from the skies—  
There moons, amid the silent night,  
Diffuse their pale reflected light—  
There seasons come, and seasons go—  
There flowrets bloom and streamlets flow—  
There hills and vales are robed in green,  
*But not a human footstep's seen.*

There lies Juan, romantic isle!  
Where fabled Crusoe once was thrown

From off the wreck, and lived awhile  
A suff'ring creature all alone.  
He look'd to see some one appear,  
But look'd in helpless, hopeless grief;  
He trod that isle for many a year,  
Ere mortal come to his relief.

There stands Helena, where the pride  
Of France, the great Napoleon, died,  
And solemn slept, the mighty dead,  
With roaring billows round his bed.  
Yes, there he lay from day to day,  
(While seasons came and pass'd away,)  
Still slumb'ring in his lonely grave  
Above the sounding ocean wave.

Thou art a great, a mighty sea,  
Rolling in awful majesty,  
For 'tis thy Maker's sovereign will  
That thou be rolling, rolling still;  
And thus, through earth and air around,  
Is heard the ceaseless thundering sound  
Of thy great waters, evermore  
Loud breaking, dashing on the shore.

Thou art a bright and beauteous sea,  
Rolling in sparkling brilliancy:  
A thousand rainbows every day  
Appear amid thy silvery spray.  
How oft upon thy waves are seen  
The white froth and the emerald green?  
And when the raging is most dire,  
Thou rollest then in "foam and fire."

Thou art an entertaining sea—  
I've loved thee from my infancy;

I love to stroll along each strand  
And gather pebbles from the sand—  
I love to see thy billows bound,  
And hear their dashing, splashing sound—  
There is indeed no place for me  
That's like this dark blue, rolling sea.

Upon the deep there have been done  
The mightiest deeds beneath the sun.  
Say, shall we tell how, on that sea,  
Call'd by the name of Galilee,  
The Saviour walk'd at midnight hour,  
Sustain'd by his Almighty power,  
And, in obedience to his will,  
Made all the raging waves be still?

Or, shall we tell what hosts were lost  
In Egypt's sea, when Israel cross'd?  
How, by miraculous power of God,  
Some safe amid the opening trod,  
While others, of that power denied,  
Were overthrown, and quickly died.  
Thus, while the feeble reach'd the shore,  
The mighty fell to rise no more.

When Spain was famous, rich and brave,  
Columbus launch'd upon the wave,  
And with a strong and sturdy band,  
Went forth to seek an unknown land.  
And when his crew, far out at sea,  
Indulg'd in shameful mutiny,  
Still on he push'd his dangerous way  
Till he had found America.

The Pilgrims, too, of glorious name,  
Across the great Atlantic came,

To seek, amid this Western clime,  
A happy home in future time—  
To seek a better place of rest,  
Where young and old could all be blest,  
And live (despis'd, oppress'd no more,)  
Upon the "wild New England shore."

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## THE SEA, AGAIN.

What made old Tyre so rich and great?  
It was not the Phenician State,  
It was not legislation wise  
Which made the port to glory rise.  
It was the constant, costly store  
Of commerce cast upon this shore,  
That made her spread along the sea,  
And rise and shine so gloriously.

All hail, thou deep, unfathom'd sea!  
What stores of wealth are found in thee?  
The corals and the precious stones,  
Which glitter round imperial thrones—  
The diamonds and the sparkling gems  
Adorning kingly diadems—  
Bright pearls, and costliest things that be,  
Are gather'd from the roaring sea.

The Romans sought to take and keep  
Possession of the rolling deep;  
They ruled it long with flags unfurl'd,  
Because indeed they ruled the world.  
The Carthagenians ruled there, too,



Hence, Rome had more than she could do,  
At times, to hold the sovereign sway  
Against them on the battle day.

The Grecians, fierce, and brave, and bold,  
Essay'd, through bloody wars, to hold  
The trident of disputed seas  
Against their veteran enemies.  
The Persians, in their pomp and pride,  
Oft met them on the rolling tide  
To wrest the sceptre from their hand,  
But fail'd more here than on the land.

Great Britain, strong, and brave, and free,  
Long held the sway upon the sea;  
She ruled it wide from shore to shore,  
Two hundred years of fame and more.  
In days when Nelson had command,  
Her name was spread through every land,  
Because of mighty vict'ries gain'd  
On mighty waters, where she reign'd.

We've stood aghast and seen the sight  
Of navies dashing to the fight;  
We've seen the flames rise high and higher,  
From burning brigs and fleets on fire—  
We've seen the ocean's mighty flood  
Oft ting'd and stain'd with human blood,  
And heard the cannon's dismal roar,  
Loud sounding to the distant shore.

There are no storms which wildly rise  
By day or night upon the skies—  
There are no winds which rudely blow  
On mountain heights or plains below—

There are no tempests roaring loud,  
With lightnings flashing from the cloud,  
Like those that beat, nor beat in vain,  
Upon the wide, wild rolling main.

O thou enrag'd, wild raving sea!  
Where howling storms sweep terribly,  
Thy foaming billows rise so high  
They almost reach the pillowy sky;  
Then dreadful on those billows toss'd,  
The ship and priceless crew are lost,  
And there the fearful and the brave  
Together find a watery grave.

Ah, yes! thou art a ruthless deep,  
O'er which ten thousands bitter weep,  
For all their earthly joys, O Sea!  
Are swallow'd up and lost in thee.  
Low in thy dark, unfathom'd bed,  
Lay fathers, brothers, sisters—dead;  
Yea, countless loved ones in despair  
Have perished quick and dreadful there.

While now, upon the midnight gale,  
Is often heard the piercing wail  
Of mourners, on the ocean shore,  
Who weep for those they'll see no more—  
Whose bodies down in dismal caves  
Lie toss'd about, the sport of waves,  
And there in lonely deeps decay  
While generations pass away:

Yet holy angels wing their flight  
Across these waters, day and night,  
That they may faithful vigils keep

O'er loved ones slumbering in the deep.  
They've watch'd them there for ages past—  
They'll watch them long as time shall last,  
Then all alike, from land and sea,  
Will rise to immortality.

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### PERISHED CITIES AND NATIONS.

Where now is Carthage, great and free,  
With her Republic like to Rome?  
She stood in glory on the sea,  
And call'd the rolling deep her home.  
Where is the treasure that she sought  
In distant climes from day to day—  
Where is the plunder that she brought  
From Egypt and Sardinia?  
Where is the city, with its trade—  
Its merchant men renown'd of old—  
Its courts and halls in marble laid,  
And heaps of glitt'ring Spanish gold?  
Where are those high imperial seats  
On which her statesmen sat in fame—  
And where the thousand strong built fleets  
With which she conquered on the main?  
Where are her warriors, mighty men,  
That march'd uncheck'd through Italy—  
And where the gallant Hannibal,  
Who led them there to victory?  
Where are her sages, senators,  
And soldiers brave who crossed the Rhone—  
Her works of art—her spoils of war,

And all the things she call'd her own?  
This Commonwealth has perish'd quite—  
Has perish'd so with all its store,  
No mortal now can tell the site  
Where Carthage stood upon the shore.

The land of Edom—where is she?  
All waste and desolate, indeed;  
She's scarcely left one thrifty tree,  
Or grass sufficient for a mead.  
Yet once a mighty people lived,  
And spread illustrious through that clime;  
They homage from the world receiv'd  
And greatly prospered in their time.  
There gayest mansions nobly stood,  
With fields and fruits and flocks around—  
There princes dwelt, both wise and good,  
And ablest farmers till'd the ground.  
There cities, too, were grandly built,  
Which glitter'd brightly in the sun—  
There blood of battle oft was spilt  
And signal vict'ries proudly won.  
But now there's nothing to be seen  
But desolations all around;  
There are no fields in cheerful green,  
Nor flowrets springing from the ground.  
The costly villa, bright and fair,  
No more appears amid that land;  
Alas! there's little, little there,  
But barren wastes and drifting sand.

Where is the land of Palestine,  
To which the pilgrims, fill'd with fears,  
(In desert lands almost unseen,)

Pursued their way for forty years?  
Where is the Sion of that land,  
The place of holy joy and mirth,  
On which a city once did stand—  
The fairest known upon the earth?  
Where is the structure God himself  
Requir'd to be erected there—  
A structure so supremely grand  
None others could with it compare?  
Where are those brightly gilded domes,  
Once so enchanting to the sight,  
Where kings and princes had their homes  
Upon the lovely Sion's height?  
Where is the Hall where Christ was tried—  
Where is the Grave at which he wept—  
The Cross on which he hung and died—  
The Sepulchre in which he slept?  
They once were there, (as we are taught,)  
They had their own appointed day,  
But now they've dwindled into naught—  
They've perish'd all, and pass'd away.  
There was the mansion of the Priest—  
There was the Prophet's blest abode—  
There was the Consecrated Feast,  
And there the "Glory of the Lord."  
There was the anthem ringing loud—  
There was the flame of sacrifice—  
There was the thickly gathering cloud  
Of incense rising to the skies.  
There was the trumpet's thrilling blast,  
Reverberating through the air,  
Reminding Israel, as it passed,  
The hour had come for solemn prayer.  
There was the Castle and the Court—

The Pinnacle and Brazen Wall—  
The mighty Tower—protecting Fort—  
The Palace and the Judgment Hall.  
But now the Turk, with ruthless tread,  
Is daily passing o'er that ground—  
The Jew is mingling with the dead,  
And mighty ruins spread around.

Where now is Corinth, first in taste  
Of any city e'er was built,  
But yet in morals all debas'd,  
And sunk in vileness, shame and guilt?  
Her growth was slow, but bright and fair,  
(She stood near the Ionian Sea,)  
There was no city anywhere  
More costly, rich, and grand than she.  
There was the Statue of the Sun—  
Of Jupiter and Venus too,  
And Gods of all the Pantheon  
Set forth to constant public view.  
She had her columns, as we're told,  
Displaying taste the most refin'd,  
With Capitals of beauteous mould,  
And bases of Corinthian kind.  
She had her temples, great in size,  
Adorn'd with costliest works of art;  
With paintings, dazzling to the eyes,  
And music, thrilling to the heart.  
She had her curious, costly baths—  
She had her celebrated games—  
She had her sacred cenotaphs, \*  
And other things of wondrous names.  
Her public buildings were, indeed,  
Magnificent beyond compare;

In this respect she took the lead  
Of gorgeous cities everywhere.  
But yet she was a dismal place—  
So stain'd with crimes of blackest hue,  
Her very name was a disgrace  
To Christian men and Heathen too.  
She, therefore, with her glory fell,  
And almost perish'd from the land;  
There just remains enough to tell  
That she was once superbly grand.

Where now, alas! is ancient Greece,  
That country of such great renown;  
Her praise on earth can never cease—  
Her sun of glory ne'er go down?  
Where are the States of that bright land  
Which furnish'd such prodigious men;  
They tow'ring stood, perhaps will stand  
Unequal'd on the earth again.  
Where is the place that Homer sung  
In strains so lofty, sweet and free;  
The hills and vales for ages rung  
With his undying harmony?  
Which was the State that gave to men  
The eloquent Demosthenes?  
And which one gave, (we ask again,)  
The nobler man, great Socrates?  
From whence came Solon, honor'd sage,  
Who lived there at an early day,  
The wisest statesman of his age,  
And foremost of the world, they say.  
These men to act for war or peace,  
Each in his proper time and place,  
Were first in all the land of Greece,

And foremost of the human race.  
Men oft are into action brought,  
Both on the land and on the sea,  
But there was ne'er a battle fought  
Like that of great Thermopylae.  
Where now is Athens, call'd the Star,  
Sometimes the Sun of Attica?  
Her light was bright and shone afar—  
'Tis shining to the present day.  
Where is her Capital, so grand—  
So beautiful, as well as great,  
Where princes came from all the land  
To manage the affairs of State?  
Where are her forts, both high and strong,  
Once fill'd with hosts of fighting men?  
Where are her arsenals, wide and long,  
With marshal'd troops protecting them?  
Where are her streets, so constant fill'd  
With citizens, and strangers too—  
With scholars to perfection drill'd,  
All seeking after something new?  
Where is Minerva's Fane? ('Tis lost,)   
Though built at that time easily,  
Yet built at such stupendous cost,  
'Twas one of matchless brilliancy.  
Where is the place where Lysias plead—  
Lysippus at his sculpture wrought—  
Where Aristides fought and bled,  
And Plato long and nobly taught?  
Say, are those courts remaining yet,  
The richest mortals ever saw,  
Where learned Athenians often met  
To study and to practice law?  
Were there not streets on purpose made



For pleasure and for public show,  
Where ran the lengthen'd colonnade—  
Where open'd wide the portico?  
Where are they now? the voice says, "Where?"  
And spreads its solemn echo round—  
These things of greatest cost and care  
Are mould'ring all beneath the ground.  
Demosthenes tried hard to save  
His country from insidious foes;  
His eloquence was all in vain,  
She fell far faster than she rose.  
There is a land call'd by this name,  
That's still existing on the earth,  
But nothing in her light and fame  
Like that which gave Lycurgus birth.  
The ancient Greece has pass'd away,  
With her illustrious, far-famed men;  
They had their glory and their day,  
But these will never be again.

Where is great Rome, which justly fills  
The largest space in history?  
The city stood on seven hills,  
And stands there still, "A Mystery."  
What she's to be we dare not say  
Until this mystery somehow ends;  
That Rome's to perish terribly,  
Her course throughout most clear portends.  
An Angel, standing on the brink,  
Cast down a mill-stone in the sea,  
Exclaiming, "thus shall Babel sink,"  
And that will end the mystery.  
Her great Republic was destroy'd  
Amid Pharsalia's dreadful fight,

While Actium and Philippi  
Put Roman freedom all to flight.  
Then high the throne of Cæsar rose,  
At that sad day—ill-fated hour!  
When Roman patriots, friends and foes,  
Were forced to yield to tyrant power.  
Great autocrats now held the sway  
O'er all the world, five hundred years,  
Till at the last the throne gave way  
And fell, 'mid shrieks and groans and tears.  
The old Dominion first was broke  
By armies rising mad within,  
And bravely breaking off the yoke  
Which made an empire groan in sin.  
Next barbarous hordes from every side,  
Rush'd furious through, from place to place,  
Revengeurs of the Roman pride—  
Destroyers of the human race.  
To North and South, to East and West,  
They bore the costliest things away,  
Till all that mighty Rome possess'd,  
To waste and ruin, fell a prey.  
Thus perished Rome with all her fame—  
With all her greatness and her store,  
She lives in hist'ry and in name,  
But Roman glory is no more.

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If other States have shared this fate,  
'Tis wise in us to mark it well,  
And ask ourselves, why nations great  
Have thus decay'd, declin'd and fell.

Was it for want of proper love,  
To justice and humanity—

Contempt of God who rules above—  
Indulgence in profanity?

Say, was it crime, debasing crime,  
Both long and mad persisted in,  
That made them suffer in their time  
And fall from what they once had been?

Was it because in civil strife,  
Prevailing long and sad and sore,  
These mighty nations lost their life  
And sunk at length to rise no more?

A civil war has here just ceas'd,  
And yet we do not seem to be  
Subdu'd and humbled in the least,  
Beneath the dread calamity.

A voice which thunders as it goes,  
Comes falling solemn on our ears;  
Arousing us from false repose—  
Awaking all our slumb'ring fears.

It tells us of corruption vast,  
Prevailing fearful through the land,  
And other scourgings coming fast,  
The trembling nation can't withstand.

It tells us of apostacy,  
And judgments hanging o'er us,  
To sink us in some fiery sea,  
As Admah fell before us.

Above the ground on which we tread,  
Is fearful seen from hour to hour,

The flames of vengeance burning red,  
All waiting eager to devour.

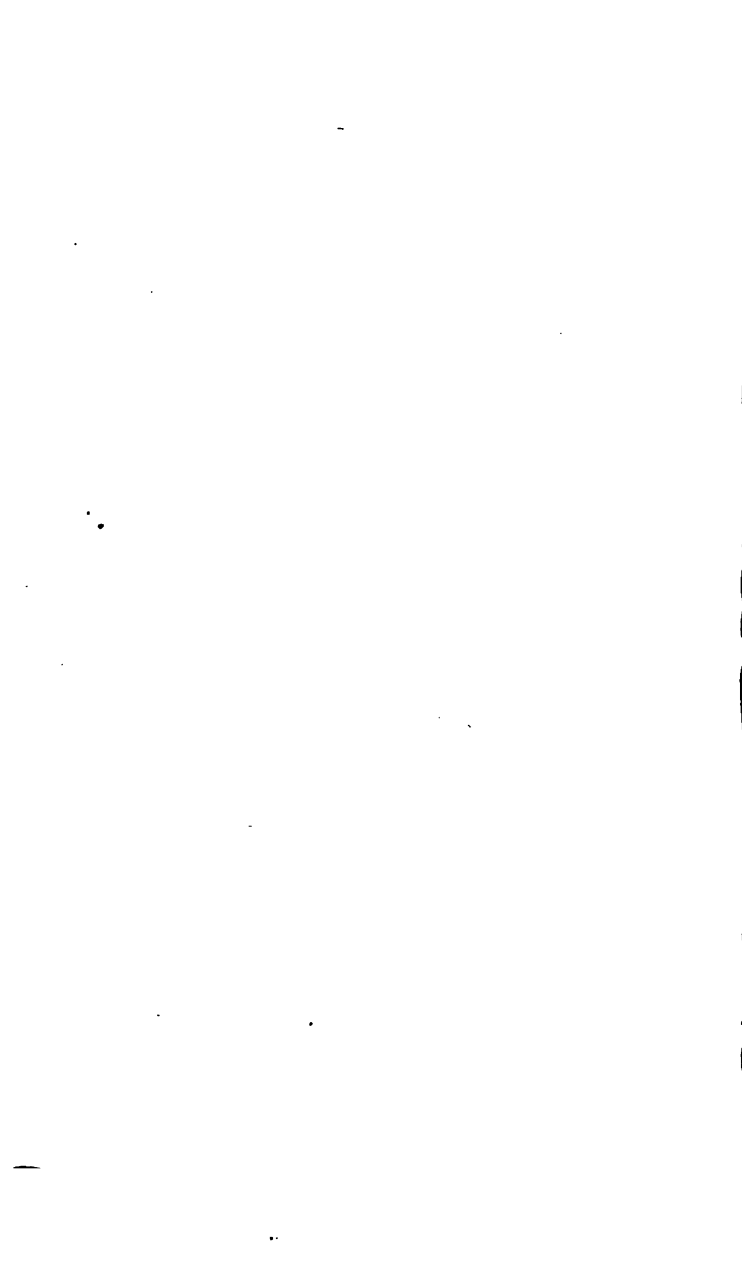
A subtle foe\* without, within,  
(Some fondly look to it to save,)  
Is working now, and long has been,  
To dig this mighty nation's grave.

Whate'er it brings to some of loss—  
Whate'er it brings to all of pain,  
We must be purg'd from sin and dross  
Or this Republic can't remain.

Let gospel truth like precious leav'n,  
Be here diffus'd, as yet it may,  
And then we'll shine like stars of heav'n—  
Enduring as the sun of day.

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\*Infidelity.



## PART VI.

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**HOME**, and special objects, pleasures, endearments and reminiscences connected with it. When the author speaks in his own name, he does not always mean himself, but personates some other one who has been or may be the actor.

1. **NO PLACE LIKE HOME.**
2. **THE HAPPY FAMILY.**
3. **DEPARTED ONES.**
4. **THE WILLOW TREE.**
5. **THE STREAMLET.**
6. **YOUTHFUL DAYS.**
7. **ALL PASSING AWAY.**



## NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

I've travel'd through that ancient land,  
Where Joseph once held high command—  
Where Moses, too, majestic trod,  
And wrought for Israel and for God;  
*But, O, there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been in China many a day,  
And heard her people praise and pray;  
I've seen the place her monarch reigns,  
And cross'd her fairest fields and plains;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been where Philadelphia stood—  
Where Sardis rose, both great and good—  
Where Thyatira prosper'd well—  
Where guilty Smyrna sinn'd and fell;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've drank the water from the brook,  
Where Jewish tribes of old partook;  
I've roved through ancient Palestine,  
And all her works and wonders seen;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*



I've stood on It'ly's famous shore,  
Once so renown'd for classic lore—  
I've been where Virgil sweetly sung,  
And Tully spoke with burning tongue;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been where Rome once proudly rose—  
Where still the beauteous Tiber flows—  
Where long the mighty Cæsars reign'd,  
And earth's best classic men were train'd;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been in London, on the Thames,  
And seen her sportsmen at their games;  
I've been in Paris, blithe and gay,  
Where pride and fashion bear the sway;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been in Lyons and Marseilles—  
In Dublin, Perth, and Glasgow, more—  
Talk'd often with the Prince of Wales,  
And travers'd Northern Europe o'er;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been in Chili and Peru,  
I've been in Nova Scotia, too—  
I've been where Greenland spreads abroad  
And shows the wonders of a God;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've roved through Afric's wastes and wilds,  
I've trod the ransom'd Sandwich Isles,  
Pass'd often through the famous gate  
Which opens to the Golden State;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been at great Niagara's Falls,  
Where deep to deep, in thunder calls;  
I've heard the mighty torrent's roar  
Reverberate from shore to shore;  
*But yet there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I've been throughout the Tropic clime,  
Where earth and air and skies combine  
To make those lands, by heaven's devise,  
Almost a perfect paradise.  
*But still there's nothing, nothing there,  
Which can with happy home compare.*

I'll therefore never more complain,  
But at my home content remain,  
And here I'll fondly live and toil  
Upon my own dear native soil;  
*For, O, there's nothing anywhere,  
Which can at all with home compare.*

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### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

O yes we're here, all joyful here,  
Fond loving one another;  
The father and the mother dear,  
The sister and the brother;

We're here as blest and happy band  
As lives within this favor'd land.

The father—he's the steady one,  
Engag'd in constant toil;  
From morning until evening sun,  
He cultivates the soil.  
Going, coming night and day,  
In all that's done, he leads the way.

He's kind, indulgent, wise and just—  
He's honor'd, loved and fear'd;  
The father's word and precepts must  
Be strictly here rever'd.  
He leads his household in the prayer,  
And makes their weal his tender care.

The mother—she stands next to him,  
A pious, faithful dame;  
No matter what command he gives,  
She always gives the same.  
No discord here, no, not a note,  
She yields—he gives the casting vote.

The boys stand next in station round  
This place which gave them birth,  
They help to break the fallow ground,  
And cultivate the earth.  
They work through all the year content,  
Nor suffer time to be misspent.

Industrious, frugal, well-dispos'd,  
In conversation free;  
Whate'er is censur'd or oppos'd,  
They bear it patiently.

They're generous-hearted, yet so brave,  
No one will be another's slave.

The girls we mention last of all,  
So lovely and so fair,  
The home would be no home at all  
Without their presence there.  
The daughter weaves more than the son  
The chain that binds all hearts in one.

We gather here around the hearth,  
When hands are all at leisure,  
And while we take our fill of mirth,  
Of joy and social pleasure,  
The hours (all other things forgot,)  
So sweetly pass, we miss them not.

We also frequent join and sing  
With loud and cheerful voices,  
Till roofs aloft and ceilings ring,  
And every heart rejoices.  
'Tis thus we spend much time together,  
Through rainy days and winter weather.

Sometimes our friends, with well-plied powers,  
Come in to chatter with us,  
And then we have the happiest hours  
Our Maker deigns to give us.  
With wit, and fun, and repartee,  
We pass our evenings merrily.

We often take the prints and read  
About the world's improvements,  
What things the nations have decreed,  
And all their mighty movements.

We wonder, as we read on through,  
At what the world is coming to.

Sometimes we join—all join in play,  
For social recreation;  
At other times, we silently  
Incline to meditation.  
But let these things be as they may,  
We sweetly pass our lives away.

And when our weekly work is done,  
And its fatigues are ended—  
When Sunday hours are fully come,  
With better thoughts attended,  
Lo, then we put vain things away,  
And solemn keep the Sabbath day.

A more delightful, happy place  
Than this you cannot find;  
There's cheerfulness on every face—  
Contentment in each mind.  
May Heaven, defending, never cease  
To bless this house and home with peace.

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### DEPARTED ONES.

Alas! there's nothing steadfast here,  
We all are mortal born;  
There's not a joy without a tear,  
Or rose without a thorn.  
Love fondly weaves the golden chain,  
But death breaks all the links again.

The dearest friendships formed below,  
However strong they be,  
Have mingled with them hours of wo,  
And months of misery.  
Fast flow the tears from sorrow's eye,  
When friends belov'd and kindred die.

Our father and our mother dear  
Have both resigned their breath,  
Their names are fondly cherish'd here,  
But they are cold in death.  
Low in the grave-yard now they lay,  
And sleep the rolling years away.

We pass along the paths they trod,  
When we to church repair;  
We seek them in the house of God,  
But O they are not there.  
We ask, "Where are they?" but in vain—  
No answer is return'd again.

Our family group is sad and few,  
Alas! we're stricken-hearted,  
For lately, with Amelia, too,  
We have forever parted.  
She's slumb'ring in death's cold embrace,  
Borne to her last, long resting place.

When sympathizing kindred come  
To visit our abode,  
At rising or at setting sun,  
'Tis in a pensive mood.  
Hearts bleed, and many a tear is shed  
In memory of Amelia dead.

## THE WILLOW TREE.

Another link is rent away—  
Leander, too, has died;  
We've laid him in the cold, cold clay,  
Close by his sister's side.  
And there they sleep, the lovely brave,  
Both tenants of an early grave.

Death will advance with steady step,  
Loud knocking at each door,  
And summon us in haste away  
To dwell on earth no more.  
O'er such a fate 'tis vain to grieve,  
From wasting death there's no reprieve.

Our households may be small or great—  
They may be low or high;  
This can't affect our mortal state—  
We're born, all born to die.  
Where some are now, soon all must be—  
Fixed in the long eternity.

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## THE WILLOW TREE.

Before my cottage stands a tree,  
Of noblest size and form,  
Which spreads and towers majestic'ly,  
Alike 'mid calm and storm.

When I was but a little child,  
Say ten years old, not more,  
I found it growing lone and wild  
Upon the river shore.

'Twas near the place I sat to fish;  
I said, (and drew my line,)  
Let others choose what tree they wish,  
But this one shall be mine.

I took my knife and cut a mark,  
As careful as I could,  
Upon its young and tender bark,  
To make my purpose good.

A little distance from the tree,  
I also gladly found  
A spring of water, pure and free,  
Arising from the ground.

The thought at once rose in my mind,  
This water and this tree  
Will surely make, when they're combin'd,  
A handsome property.

I quickly cut a shallow drain,  
(It cost but little toil,)  
And brought the water down amain  
To cover all that soil.

And there the water constant ran—  
And there the willow grew,  
Till I arose to be a man,  
And thought of marriage too.

My father then propos'd to share  
What land he had with me;  
I said, "Pray give me mine just where  
Now stands the willow tree."

I thus obtain'd a goodly lot,  
Fair fronting to the road,



## THE WILLOW TREE.

And there I built an humble cot,  
Near where the water flow'd.

The willow cast its ample shade  
Around my cottage door,  
And there my children fondly play'd,  
Till childhood days were o'er.

The tree has now for sixty years  
Been growing by that rill,  
Nor has it ceas'd, for aught appears—  
'Tis growing, growing still.

This is my darling tree, indeed,  
The joy of both my eyes;  
It does, for me, all trees exceed,  
That grow beneath the skies.

We were companions in our youth—  
We will be so when old;  
I would not part with it, in truth,  
For all its weight in gold.

But O there's one thing very clear:  
This tree, so strong and brave,  
Will still be growing proudly here  
When I am in my grave.

When all I've done is quite forgot,  
And nothing car'd for more,  
It will be standing in this lot,  
Majestic as before.

And now I make this one request,  
(Give ear, my friends, to me,)  
When I am dead, lay me to rest  
Beneath this willow tree.

And when the distant time shall come  
That this brave willow dies,  
And every branch, which from it hung,  
In wasting ruin lies—

Then let its trunk be skillful wrought  
Into a paling strong,  
And put around my lonely grave—  
To guard it safe and long.

And if there's more than needful be  
To fence that sacred spot,  
Then let the rest of this great tree  
Be put around the lot.

And thus, as I protected it  
Through all my growing days,  
It will protect both me and mine  
Till it, in turn, decays.

Our little dust, which then remains,  
Will mingle here together,  
Through beating storms, and falling rains,  
And changes of all weather.

But this great difference there will be,  
'Twixt dying trees and men:  
The first will perish totally—  
The latter rise again.

Upon the Last Great Day, dear Tree!  
Your dust and mine will sever;  
Lo, yours will go to nothing then,  
But mine will live forever.

## THE STREAMLET.

Thou brightly flowing stream!  
Thou art most dear to me,  
For, lo! I often fondly dream  
Through midnight hours of thee.

There once I joyful stray'd,  
All in my youthful pride,  
And up and down the streamlet play'd,  
Close by the water side.

It has been many years  
Since I was on that ground,  
But still, unceasing in my ears,  
I hear the streamlet sound.

There is the wide-spread tree,  
Where oft I've careless laid,  
And sung both loud and merrily,  
Amid the Summer shade.

There is the solid rock,  
Where, with the dangling hook,  
I've sat to catch the shining fish  
And draw them from the brook.

There is the lovely pool,  
Where, morning, noon, and night,  
I (in the water, soft and cool,)  
Once bath'd with sweet delight.

I now bathe in the lake,  
And sometimes in the sea,

But O there is no bathing place  
So dear as this to me.

The stream would frequent rise,  
And wildly overflow,  
And rush impetuous in its course  
O'er fields and plains below.

Once, on a rainy day,  
(The stream flow'd deep and wide,)  
An empty boat came floating down  
Upon the rolling tide.

I took the crook I had,  
And drew the boat to shore;  
Then ventur'd in, a silly lad,  
Without a guide, or oar.

Out in the flood it went;  
I toil'd, but toil'd in vain,  
(Till all my youthful strength was spent,)  
To bring it back again.

And now I sometimes dream,  
In stillness of the night,  
That I am sinking in that stream,  
And wake amidst my fright.

Alas! 'tis all a dream,  
My youthful days are o'er,  
I'll ne'er again float on the stream,  
Nor tread its grassy shore.

But yet the brook is there—  
Fast flowing to the sea;  
Its sounds are echoed on the air,  
And will for ages be.

When I am in my grave,  
And tread the earth no more,  
It will be rolling here, as brave  
And beauteous as before.

The streamlet, from its source,  
Furnish'd with full supplies,  
Flows on perpetual in its course,  
And mocks when mortal dies.

Thou brightly flowing stream!  
Thou art most dear to me;  
Long as I live, I'll think, I'll dream,  
Through midnight hours, of thee.

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## YOUTHFUL DAYS.

When I was young, a thousandjoys  
Beset me round, where'er I stray'd,  
For numerous were the idol toys  
My youthful hands, for pleasure, made.

The weary day I often broke,  
Reclining sweetly at my ease  
Beneath the foliage of the oak—  
The willow and the poplar trees.

The woodlands, too, were my retreat,  
Where oftentimes I tarried long,  
Fond list'ning to the music sweet  
There carol'd by the feather'd throng.

Or, on the mossy turf repos'd,  
Beneath the mountain's craggy steep,

The gently whisp'ring winds disposed  
My weary, wand'ring mind to sleep.

Or on the margin of the brook,  
Meand'ring through the lonely vale,  
I sat and read some story book,  
Delighted with the pleasing tale.

'Twas then those cheerful fields and meads,  
Extending round my father's dome,  
Became the seat of youthful deeds,  
Which long endear the name of home.

But, farewell now! another tear  
Be to their fond remembrance given;  
They're to my recollection dear,  
And will be till my home's in heaven.

There, there such joy perpetual springs—  
Such sacred pleasures flow,  
That I may soon forget the things  
I fondly lov'd below.

The scenes on earth, when once they're past,  
Are past and gone for aye;  
But those above, unchanging, last  
Through an eternal day.

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### ALL PASSING AWAY.

The flowrets that blossom so lovely in Spring,  
And cast their sweet fragrance abroad on the air—  
The wild birds that come to us on the swift wing,  
And then to some far distant climate repair—  
The beauties reflected upon the broad sky—

The sunlight that bursts forth so brightly at noon—  
The roses which spring up in Summer to die—  
The lilies, which wither and perish so soon,  
Are transient, things transient, they change with each day,  
*And tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

The snow that is falling, fast falling around,  
And melting profusely beneath the bright sun—  
The winds that are sweeping, fierce sweeping the ground—  
The streamlets which onward unceasingly run—  
The sear-leaves that wither and fall from the trees—  
The creatures that come forth of untimely birth—  
The broken waves rolling swift back to the seas,  
And vain empty shadows that cover the earth,  
Are transient, things transient, they change with each day,  
*And tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

The gems which appear in the dew drops of morn—  
The soft mellow lustre which lingers at eve—  
The notes rolling out from the hunter's shrill horn—  
The tidings of gladness we sometimes receive—  
The dreams that attend us amid silent sleep—  
The hours of reflection (how soon they are past,)  
The tales oft repeated to make mortals weep—  
The times of true happiness coming at last,  
Are transient, things transient, they change with each day,  
*And tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

The season of Summer, so fervid and bright—  
The season of Autumn abounding in fruit—  
The Spring coming in with the sweetest delight,  
And Winter, so hard on the fowl and the brute,  
Are seasons which cannot with us long remain,  
Though oft we desire it with suppliant heart,  
Yet always desire it entirely in vain—

The season that cometh comes soon to depart.  
They're transient, things transient, they change with each  
day,  
*And tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

The rocks rolling down from the mountain's bold steepa—  
The forests uprooted by wild winds that blow—  
The sands from the desert all drifted in heaps,  
And high tow'ring fabrics laid prostrate and low.  
Vast regions around us destroy'd by the flood—  
Vast kingdoms pervaded with anarchy dire—  
Great battle-fields smoking with soldiers' fresh blood,  
And navies stupendous burnt up in the fire,  
Are left, strangely left, to destruction a prey,  
*To tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

Great cities erected on great ocean shores,  
And growing immensely through ages of time—  
Great battlements built by the brave army corps,  
Along the old banks of the Thames and the Rhine.  
The castle, the palace, the house of the king—  
The temple prodigious, and solemn and grand—  
The chambers immortal where amateurs sing,  
And buildings of wonder that spread o'er the land,  
Are transient, things transient, they haste to decay,  
*And tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

Whole nations have fallen, great nations of men  
Have fallen on death-sleep, prolong'd and profound;  
No voice but Jehovah's can wake them again  
And call them to action from under the ground.  
Great spirits immortal! they ne'er can forget  
The part which in mighty transactions they bore;  
They fondly remember their birth places yet,  
But places that knew them, will know them no more.



They rose in their greatness—their epitaphs say,  
Then sunk with their glory, and all pass'd away.

Great stars of creation, resplendent and bright,  
Once marshal'd in heaven, in grandest array—  
Great comets refulgently speeding their flight  
And filling us mortals with fear and dismay,  
Have left their old orbits all vacant and blank—  
Have left them, it may be, for some other sphere;  
But teach us, whate'er be our station or rank,  
A lasting existence can never be here.  
The heav'ns are changing, the earth must decay—  
All time things whatever are passing away.

Where now are the Fathers so famous of old,  
Apostles and prophets so holy and wise,  
And where are the multitudes, whom we are told  
They faithful instructed and led to the skies?  
Though once they were dwelling in bodies of clay,  
And suffer'd as we do from trouble and care,  
Yet now in the depths of the grave-yard they lay,  
All silently sleeping—all sepulchred there.  
The great men and noble, the good and the brave,  
Are sinking alike to the sleep of the grave.

O, where are the men who begun this great fight?  
Say, where are the soldiers who first took the field,  
Resolv'd to proceed in the cause with their might—  
To bleed and to suffer, but never to yield?  
They've fallen—the warriors have slept their last sleep,  
The sun of their glory has gone down at noon;  
The nation that loved them all bitterly weep,  
That mortals so noble should perish so soon.  
Thus fought they and fell they—now mouldering in clay,  
*They tell us we're passing, all passing away.*

O, God of creation, Great Maker of all!  
Thou guide of the pilgrims, to thee would we call.  
Conduct us, blind creatures, our pilgrimage through—  
Unceasingly succor and strengthen us too;  
Then bring us triumphant to where we shall be,  
Forever made perfect and happy in thee—  
Where changes, sad changes, and sorrows are o'er—  
Where death and destruction can waste us no more—  
Where all is bright shining and glorious as day,  
*And nothing existing can e'er pass away.*



## PART VII.

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EARTH and heaven are here contrasted in regard to beauty, rest and happiness. With it, we have the christian seeking the better country—his guide to it—his mother's influence—his security under the divine care, and his assurance of reaching the place of the blest.

1. THE GREAT HOUSE WE LIVE IN.
2. THE CELESTIAL CITY.
3. ON THIS SIDE HEAV'N.
4. TRUE HAPPINESS.
5. THE ONE I LOVE BEST.
6. THE CHRISTIAN MAN.
7. THE BIBLE.
8. MY MOTHER.
9. ARM UNSEEN.
10. ANCHOR HOLD.
11. UP IN HEAV'N.



## THE GREAT HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

Its cov'ring is the sky,  
    (Stupendous, arch, and grand,)  
O'er all the building high  
    Magnificently spann'd.  
Ten thousand lamps, all burning bright,  
Hang glitt'ring here from night to night.

Its strong foundations laid  
    By mighty hand of God,  
On massive rocks are stay'd,  
    'Gainst tempest, fire and flood.  
They may be shook, but can't be broke  
By thunder peal or lightning stroke.

Its pillars huge and tall,  
    Rise wondrous to our view;  
They shake, but ne'er can fall  
    As other pillars do;  
On moveless bases, lo! they stand,  
Sustain'd by an Almighty hand.

Thick robes of verdure green,  
    Like velvet, round us spread,  
Form the gay carpeting  
    On which we mortals tread.  
What texture, wrought like this, before  
E'er cover'd manse or mansion floor?

Its furniture consists  
Of tablets, broad and fair—  
Of bureaus, curious wrought,  
And mirrors everywhere.  
Nor can we wond'ring creatures tell  
Which forms of beauty here excel.

Its lights are blazing orbs,  
So burning and so bright,  
We're gazing evermore  
With wonder at the sight.  
Sun, moon, and countless stars withal,  
Combine to light this glitt'ring hall.

Its fountains, deep and wide,  
Consist of flowing seas,  
Where rolls the ocean tide—  
Where plays the cooling breeze.  
To every place where wants arise,  
These fountains send out full supplies.

Its decorations bright  
Are found in bounteous stores—  
Some on the mountain's height,  
Some on the ocean's shores.  
Ten thousand thousand sparkling gems,  
Here shine like pearls in diadems.

Its curtains, widely spread  
Around the earth and sky,  
Enclose the slumb'ring bed,  
Where millions nightly lie.  
They cover and delight us too,  
Inwrought with dark shades, light, and blue.

The sounding winds that blow—  
The seas that loudly roar—  
The waves which constant flow  
And dash upon the shore,  
Spread music, like a rolling tide,  
All through this house where we reside.

Without a voice or tongue,  
(In sweetest harmony,)  
Blest hymns are nightly sung  
Here to the Deity.  
With fond, delighted, ravished ears,  
We list the music of the spheres.

All artists are outdone  
By paintings here that be,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
And wrought so skillfully;  
That while we gaze, we can't express  
The rapturous feelings we possess.

But there's another dome,  
Far brighter yet than this,  
Where angels have their home  
In realms of heavenly bliss.  
And soon we'll rise, if we prepare,  
To dwell with shining angels there.

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### THE CELESTIAL CITY.

Great Athens, long and costly reared,  
'Mid far fam'd Attica,  
For ages there in pomp appear'd,  
Bright shining as the day.



She beauteous was, and rung with mirth,  
The pride and joy of all the earth.

Old Corinth was magnificent—  
A pile of marble white,  
And none who saw her in her prime,  
Could help admire the sight.  
No city in this world below  
Made such a grand, imposing show.

But there's a city in the sky  
Whose streets are laid in gold,  
Too dazzling for the human eye,  
While mortal to behold.  
In heavenly brightness there it stands,  
Built by the Great Creator's hands.

Its twelve foundations strongly laid  
With glitt'ring stones most bright,  
Have mingled colors so display'd  
That angels love the sight.  
And here below, the men of grace  
Are longing, longing for the place.

Jerusalem, with turrets high,  
Was wondrous to behold,  
But this great city of the sky  
Is built in shining gold.  
'Tis splendid and immortal too,  
Enchanting to the ravish'd view.

Lo, fancy here completely fails;  
In vain we mortals try  
To form a right conception of  
That city in the sky.

Our laboring minds can do no more  
Than think, and wonder, and adore.

The glory of creation far  
Is concentrated there;  
No light of sun, or twinkling star,  
Can once with it compare.  
Whate'er its glory now may be,  
'Twill still increase eternally.

Its wall, of finest Jasper built,  
Stands grandly there and high;  
Thou mayest, mortal, if thou wilt,  
Soon see it with thine eye.  
While loudest anthems there resound,  
It echoes and prolongs the sound.

Its gates are three on every side—  
Each one a pearly gate,  
And there forever they abide,  
In strength and glory great.  
These gates stand open every hour,  
All guarded by angelic power.

Blest city on a shining shore—  
Home of the sav'd and free!  
May we, when toils of life are o'er,  
Forever rest in thee.  
Within thy courts take princely seats,  
Or joyful walk thy golden streets.

## ON THIS SIDE HEAV'N.

Oh say, is there rest for the spirit while here—  
Rest, sweet and abiding, from sorrow and fear—  
Can earth tell of places to which we may flee,  
And rest from all trouble and suff'ring free?

Going, coming, waking, sleeping,  
Pallid cheeks are wet with weeping;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,  
No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the halls with rich tapestry hung,  
Where feasting is practic'd and music is sung;  
Amidst their wild revels, we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."

Eating, drinking, sporting, toiling,  
Pain is still the pleasure spoiling;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,  
No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go where the vot'ries of pleasure resort,  
Where beauty and splendor are decking the court;  
Amidst their diversions, we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."

While the chaplet wreaths we're weaving,  
Still o'er faded joys we're grieving;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,  
No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the mansions where princes are dwelling,  
Where heirs to the kingdom are joyfully telling  
Of mighty possessions; we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."

While of thrones and kingdoms hearing,  
Sad disasters still we're fearing;  
*Ah me! no rest to us giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the places where monarchs are crown'd,  
Where thrones are ascended, and terribly round  
Great royalty glitters; we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."  
Rising, falling, ruling, reigning,  
Man is evermore complaining;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the countries where men of great name  
Have millions around them proclaiming their fame;  
We list to their shoutings, and ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."  
In distraction still abiding,  
Hope and fear the mind dividing;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the places where choristers sing,  
And make the broad welkin with harmony ring;  
We list to their music—we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."  
While melodious sounds we're making,  
Hearts with grief and pain are breaking;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side Heav'n.*

We go to the fountains of science and light,  
Where mortals are drinking by day and by night;  
Amidst their great learning, we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."

Grievous cares the mind infesting,  
Man is never, never resting;  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side heav'n.*

We go the lands which are charmingly fair,  
And seek, but in vain, for true happiness there;  
Where nature blooms lovely, we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they all answer, "No."

While these scenes are round us shining,  
Oft in sickness, sad we're pining.  
*Ah me! no rest to us is giv'n,*  
*No perfect rest on this side heav'n.*

We go to the places where learn'd men and rude  
Are steadily seeking in close solitude,  
Some fancied enjoyments; we ask, "Is it so  
That you are here blest?" and they answer, "No, no."  
Vain the place, the mood, the diet,  
Man is never, never quiet;  
Ten thousand cares will still intrude  
Despite of chosen solitude.

We go to the dwellings where day after day  
The Scriptures are studied and pious men pray;  
We ask them the question, "If they are here blest?"  
They answer, "We're earnestly seeking a rest"—  
(Fondly hoping, firm believing,  
Proffer'd grace from God receiving,)  
We're seeking an eternal rest,  
*In yonder kingdom of the blest.*

We go to the temples of pray'r and of praise,  
Where prophets are teaching men heavenly ways;  
We ask them the question, "If they are here blest?"  
They answer, "We're seeking, thus seeking a rest."

Joyful singing, solemn praying,  
God's revealed will obeying;  
We seek, we seek eternal rest,  
*In yonder kingdom of the blest.*

We go to the angels which hover around,  
And ask them, "If rest for the soul can be found?"  
They answer, "It can, on the heav'nly shore,  
Where sorrow, and sighing, and weeping are o'er."  
Rest immortal, never ceasing—  
Rest where joy is still increasing—  
Sacred, high, eternal rest,  
*In yonder kingdom of the blest.*

We go to the christian, as sweetly he dies,  
Now passing triumphant from earth to the skies;  
We ask him the question, "If he is yet blest?"  
He answers, "I'm going, fast going to rest."  
Earthly cares behind me leaving—  
Heav'nly light distinct perceiving,  
I soar to an eternal rest,  
*In yonder kingdom of the blest.*

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### TRUE HAPPINESS.

'Tis not by power which we possess  
That we obtain true happiness;  
For tyrant kings would surely then  
Become most blest and happy men.

'Tis not by grasping all we can  
Of worldly store, that makes a man;

The rising to immense estate  
Will make us neither good nor great.

If ways and means like these would do,  
The famous mountains of Peru  
Might, by the riches they contain,  
Relieve ten thousand souls from pain.

Should fame, as high and bold she stands,  
Proclaim my name to distant lands—  
Should she with trumps immortal blow  
And spread it through all realms below—

Should she, with triumph in her eyes,  
Proclaim it mighty through the skies?  
Then send it on, with thrilling tone,  
To rolling spheres beyond our own:

This would not, could not make me blest,  
In special sense, above the rest  
Of human kind, but leave me more  
Unhappy than I was before.

To tread the paths Messiah trod,  
In holy reverence for my God—  
To credit what this Teacher saith,  
In strong abiding christian faith,

Will save me from the love of sin—  
Will make and keep me pure within,  
And give me such substantial joy  
As powers of earth can ne'er destroy.

The native fruit of this will be  
A heaven-descended charity,  
Which nobly sways the human breast  
And makes a creature sweetly blest.

## THE ONE I LOVE BEST.

I love a man of tender heart,  
Who can a generous tear impart  
To one whose soul's oppress'd with grief,  
And knows not where to find relief.  
For in this world where troubles rise,  
And draw the tears from weeping eyes,  
The balm that softens and controls  
Our grief, is found in mingling souls.

I love a person well refin'd  
In thought and feeling, heart and mind,  
In manners, habits, speech and dress,  
And all things else he may possess.  
Though these improvements, in the main,  
May seem to some no special gain,  
Yet to a more enlighten'd view  
They add a charm to all we do.

I love an honest, upright soul,  
Who rises o'er all mean control,  
Nor deigns so base, so low to bend,  
As impious conduct to defend.  
Who hates the vices and the deeds  
On which degraded nature feeds,  
But strives by measures pure and chaste  
To form his habits and his taste.

I love a person, when there's such,  
Who aids the public interest much,  
By patronizing Church and State,  
And all our projects good and great.



## THE CHRISTIAN MAN.

Who acts the liberal man complete  
When call'd his country's wants to meet,  
And by a fix'd, determin'd stand,  
Sustains the honors of the land.

There is another person still,  
Who, in his warm and earnest zeal,  
Obeys the mandates of the skies  
And toils for bliss that never dies—  
Whose soul is bless'd with such a meed  
Of heavenly grace, 'tis blest indeed.  
This is the one, I must confess,  
I love far more than all the rest.

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## THE CHRISTIAN MAN.

Christian man, I see thee moving  
On the way to Sion's Hill;  
Every day that passes, proving  
Thou art true and faithful still,  
Always striving  
Thy great calling to fulfil.

Christian man, I see thee giving  
Just support to Sion's cause,  
Constant speaking, acting, living  
In obedience to her laws.  
Onward, christian,  
In thy course, and never pause.

Christian man, I see thee reading  
In the Book of Life divine,

And on heavenly manna feeding  
As thou read'st each moving line—  
Sweetly calling  
Every precious promise thine.

Christian man, I see thee staying  
Where black clouds and tempests lower;  
Often too, I hear thee praying  
For the Saviour's promised power,  
To sustain thee  
In the dark and trying hour.

Christian man, thou art a stranger  
Suff'ring in this world below;  
Thus thy Lord laid in a manger,  
Born to sorrow, grief and wo.  
Hear me, christian,  
This shall not be always so.

Art thou now a frequent weeper—  
Weeping o'er thy guilty fall?  
Thou shalt soon become a keeper  
In a star-lit, heaven-built hall,  
Where they cannot  
Ever, ever weep at all.

Christian man, thou art a wrestler,  
Wrestling hard with flesh and blood;  
But thou shalt become a nestler  
On the bosom of thy God,  
When he calls thee  
Up to his divine abode.

Christian man, thou wast a sinner  
Great indeed, in heaven's sight,

But thou shalt become a winner  
Of a crown supremely bright,  
When he bids thee  
Enter to the world of light.

Friend thou art, and a relation  
Of the great ones in the skies,  
And when done with this probation  
Then thou shalt to glory rise;  
And, triumphant,  
Live where pleasure never dies.

Thou art known, well known in heaven,  
There thou very soon shall be,  
When the grace of God, like leaven,  
Does its perfect work in thee—  
Heir forever  
Of a blest eternity.

Christian man, be always pray'rful;  
Look thee, watch thee, night and day,  
And in every thing be careful  
That thou keep the "Narrow Way."  
Then thou wilt not—  
Then thou canst not go astray.

Thou art fondly lov'd in Sion,  
With a blessed portion there—  
Thou shouldst bold be as a lion,  
Never once indulging fear.  
Thou, O pilgrim,  
Art to God and angels dear.

Christian man, be always thankful—  
Every wicked thing abhor;

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Let thy mind be pure and tranquil—  
Heed not either storm or war.  
Now and ever  
Thou art well provided for.

Christian man, whate'er may grieve thee,  
He will send an angel host,  
And surprisingly relieve thee  
At the time thou need'st it most.  
Trust in Jesus  
Evermore, as now thou dost.

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## THE BIBLE.

## I.

There is a book of noble birth,  
To wand'ring mortals given,  
It did not spring from men or earth,  
But came direct from heaven.  
O blessed book!  
God ne'er forsook  
The men that wrote thy pages,  
But by his power,  
From hour to hour,  
Sustain'd them in all ages.

## II.

If yonder sun were blotted out,  
How dismal things would look;  
And yet 'tis true, beyond a doubt,  
That if this blessed book

Were, by some hand,  
 At God's command,  
 Remov'd from earthly places,  
 A darker night  
 Eclipsing light,  
 Would veil all human faces.

## III.

Its truth supports an empire here—  
 A kingdom ne'er to cease,  
 And fills the kingdom far and near  
 With promis'd christian peace.  
 And just so long,  
 In prose or song,  
 As it relates its story,  
 This kingdom great  
 Will rise in state,  
 To wealth and power and glory.

## IV.

This book is like the Morning Star  
 Which introduces day;  
 It throws its radiant light afar  
 And scatters night away.  
 And more and more  
 From shore to shore  
 'Twill beam on every nation,  
 'Till East and West,  
 All men are blest  
 With its illumination.

## V.

Lo! mighty hosts have often tried  
 In rage and mad distrust,  
 To thrust this holy book aside

And tread it down to dust.  
But still it lives  
And ever gives  
Full proof of inspiration;  
Its matchless light  
Is shining bright  
To guide us to salvation.

## VI.

When all now living on the earth,  
And millions more are dead,  
This book of blessed heavenly birth  
Will still be joyful read.  
By day and night  
With sweet delight,  
Philosophers and sages  
Will read and pray  
And learn the way  
Of wisdom from its pages.

## VII.

Benignly given from the skies,  
To tell through earth its story,  
It ne'er will cease to make men wise,  
Till earth is fill'd with glory.  
Triumphant then  
'Twill rise again  
To an immortal station,  
And bright and fair  
Forever there,  
Illume a new creation.

## VIII.

This book lives on through every age,  
Unchang'd by changing time;

It loses not a single page—  
It loses not a line.  
Its light and truth  
Remain the same  
(By heaven's supreme protection,)  
As when at first  
To man they came  
For his divine direction.

## IX.

Behold! the time will surely come  
When stars must perish all,  
And yon refulgent, burning sun,  
To utter ruin fall.  
But still this book  
To which we look  
To guide us through probation,  
Will live and be  
Eternally  
A book of revelation.

## X.

If we believe and right receive  
These truths divinely given,  
We'll quickly find with joy of mind  
The way that leads to heaven!  
Then sweet we'll feed  
On what we read,  
Delighted with the story,  
And pass along  
With many a song  
To yonder world of glory.

## MY MOTHER.

O mother, dear mother! I think now with tears,  
Fast flowing from both of my eyes,  
How faithful you labor'd for many long years  
To make me both holy and wise.  
From first recollections I have of your care,  
In days of my childhood and youth,  
You taught me to seek the Redeemer in pray'r  
And rev'rence the Scriptures of Truth.

Blest mother! the precepts you taught me so long,  
Ev'n on till your last dying breath,  
Have made an impression so deep and so strong,  
I'll carry them with me to death.  
They comfort and guide me by night and by day,  
At home, on the land, on the sea;  
While others are fearfully going astray,  
I'm thinking of these and of thee.

O mother, dear mother! I strive to fulfil  
All that you desir'd me to be,  
For though now in heaven, your spirit is still  
Oft looking intensely on me.  
I'm serving the Master, but yet with what speed  
I cannot unerringly tell;  
But this I'm assur'd, if thy precepts I heed,  
All, all in the end will be well.

O mother, dear mother! I lately have been  
Where long you resided on earth;  
The house is the same, both without and within,  
It was at the time of my birth.



I look'd through the mansion, and thought I must see  
Your person around the old dome,  
But vain was the thought and the search both to me—  
You've gone to the heavenly home.

O mother, dear mother! your Bible is there,  
Still laying upon the old stand,  
Its pages are bearing almost everywhere  
The marks of your pencil in hand.  
I open and read in the old fam'ly books—  
I go where you taught me to pray—  
I think of your mien, and your voice, and your looks,  
Though now you are far, far away.

The chair is still there; yes, the old rocking chair,  
You sat in as mother and wife,  
'Tis sacred to death-thoughts as well as to pray'r,  
For in it you ended your life.  
The trees that you watered are yet to be seen  
All growing up noble and brave—  
The beds that you planted are fragrant and green,  
But you are asleep in the grave.

O mother, dear mother! I recently knelt  
On the spot where your ashes repose;  
I pray'd, but no mortal can tell how I felt  
When, after that pray'r, I arose.  
This world seem'd all nothing, just nothing to me,  
I long'd and I sigh'd to be gone,  
To see what the spirits in glory do see,  
And join in their heavenly song.

O mother, dear mother! just lately I dream'd  
You stood by the side of my bed,

The light from your countenance beautiful beam'd  
And glory was crowning your head;  
A voice, soft and clear, like a voice from the sky,  
Said thrice, in a whispering breath,  
Be faithful and true, your reward is on high—  
Be faithful, my child, until death.

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## THE ARM UNSEEN.

When in my early infant days  
I laid upon my mother's breast,  
And heard her sing Jehovah's praise  
And read about the heavenly rest,  
An arm unseen was round me laid  
To keep me safe from every snare;  
No fatal ills could then invade  
My blest abode, for God was there.

When I was in my childhood state.  
As thoughtless as a child could be  
About my life—my destin'd fate  
For time or for eternity;  
That great and good and pow'rful Hand  
Still kept me back from many a wo,  
It held me up, it made me stand,  
It did not, would not let me go.

When I was in my youthful prime,  
A playmate meet for sportive boys,  
And hated all disgraceful crime,  
But fondly lov'd all earthly joys;

My passions ardent, restless, wild,  
Would then have led me far astray,  
Had God forsook his erring child  
And left me to my chosen way.

When I was in my manhood years,  
Now toiling hard to gather store;  
When cares, alternate cares and fears  
Were pressing on me sad and sore—  
My mind distracted hour by hour,  
Would oft have writh'd in keenest pain,  
Had God withdrawn protecting power  
And let this worldly spirit reign.

When marching to the battle ground  
Connected with the army corps,\*  
I heard the rattling cannon sound  
And loud and mighty thunders roar;  
Then that same strong, protecting arm,  
Which long had been my stay and shield,  
Defended me from threat'ning harm  
And brought me safely from the field.

Upon the ocean wild and mad,  
Once in the dreadful storm I rode,  
Each countenance was pale and sad  
And all were calling loud on God;  
"O thou, that rul'st the winds and waves,  
Convey us safe to yonder shore,  
Nor let us sink in watery graves,  
To rise and dwell on earth no more."

He heard us in that painful hour—  
He spake and bade the winds be still—

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\*The author was Chaplain for a time in the U. S. army.

Rebuk'd the waves, and by his power  
Made all submissive to his will.  
That power! I bless and praise it yet—  
That power so faithful just and true!  
O may we mortals ne'er forget  
*The arm unseen that bears us through.*

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## ANCHOR HOLD.

When storms of war are falling  
(Tremendous on the land,)  
So constant and appalling,  
No forces can withstand—  
When hills and mountains shaking,  
Loud echo with the noise,  
And earth around us quaking,  
Gives death-strokes to our joys;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,  
That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

When fierce disease is spreading  
In terror all abroad,  
And great and small are dreading  
This awful scourge of God—  
When thousands dead and dying  
Are sinking to the grave,  
And thousands more are flying  
The precious life to save;  
*We trust in God, both strong and bold,  
That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

When vice is fast increasing,  
Both in the Church and State,

And men proceed unceasing  
To madly dissipate—  
When crime is fearful spreading  
Through country, city, street,  
And holy men are dreading  
The consequence to meet;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,  
That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

When low'ring clouds hang o'er us,  
And times are dark and drear,  
When dangers lie before us,  
Awaking all our fear—  
When dread events are pending,  
And men have ceased from mirth—  
When God, in wrath, is sending  
Destruction on the earth;  
*We trust in Him, both firm and bold,  
That he will be our Anchor hold.*

When friends we loved forsake us,  
And prove themselves untrue—  
When changes which unmake us,  
Are seen and suffer'd too—  
When kindred all around us  
Lay on a dying bed,  
And sink (the sight confounds us,)  
To dwell among the dead;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,  
That he will be our Anchor hold.*

When on the angry ocean  
Our bark is wildly toss'd,  
'Mid scenes in dire commotion,  
All telling we'll be lost—

When storms are still prevailing,  
And efforts *fore and aft*,  
Are wholly unavailing  
To save the sinking craft;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,*  
*That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

So when the body, dying,  
Is turning back to clay,  
And soul, set free, is flying  
To distant worlds away—  
When flesh and heart both fail us,  
We need not shed a tear,  
When pangs of death assail us,  
We've nothing then to fear;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,*  
*That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

When earth shall cease its turning,  
And stars no more give light—  
When all creation's burning,  
A dread and awful sight—  
When funeral bells, loud tolling,  
Bid elements expire,  
The heavens, together rolling,  
Dissolve in quenchless fire;  
*We trust in God, both firm and bold,*  
*That he will be our Anchor Hold.*

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### UP IN HEAV'N.

I have a treasure great indeed  
Reserv'd for me in time of need—  
Which does all other things exceed;  
A treasure up in Heav'n.

I have a house far out of sight,  
A blessed mansion pure and bright  
Where I shall dwell in ceaseless light,  
Exalted up in Heav'n.

I have a hope both firm and strong,  
It is so now, has been so long,  
That I shall join the happy throng  
Who shout and sing in Heav'n.

I have a faith my Maker gave,  
It vaunts not, yet 'tis strong to save,  
And will, methinks, ev'n death out-brave,  
And land me safe in Heav'n.

I am a king, but not of earth,  
I boast not of my human birth,  
This is a thing of little worth,  
My kingdom's up in Heav'n.

I have a crown that's kept for me  
By him who died on calvary;  
That crown I soon in joy shall see  
And wear it up in Heav'n.

I have a Great Almighty Friend,  
Who does my life, my all defend,  
And still will guide me to the end,  
Then fix me up in Heav'n.

There, there my conflicts will be o'er,  
There I shall need my faith no more,  
But on that bright, immortal shore,  
Obtain my long'd for Heav'n.

There with the God-man glorified,  
I'll in that glory sweet abide,  
And wish for nothing more beside,  
To constitute my Heav'n.

## PART VIII.

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**"WATCHMAN, what of the night?"** *Ans.* **"The morning cometh."** The pastor and parish scenes—death, judgment and heaven.

1. **ALONE IN THE NIGHT.**
2. **THE DAY-SPRING AND COMMISSION.**
3. **THE GREAT AWAKENING.**
4. **OLD AND NEW CREATIONS.**
5. **JOYFUL SINGING.**
6. **THE PASTOR ON LEAVING HIS CHARGE.**
7. **THE PASTOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS STUDY-ROOM.**
8. **THE STRANGER'S VISIT.**
9. **THE SOWER AND THE SEED.**
10. **THE OLD SANCTUARY.**
11. **THE MOULDERING BONE.**
12. **THE CEMETERY.**
13. **SCENES OF SINAI AND THE LAST DAY.**
14. **THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.**





## ALONE IN THE NIGHT.

### I.

The winds are sighing round me  
As I sit on this height,  
And shining\* ones have found me  
Here in the dead of night.  
As all around is dark and drear,  
You'll wonder what I'm doing here.

### II.

I'm gazing, fondly gazing  
Upon the stars of light;  
The view is grand, amazing,  
And fills me with delight.  
Here I could sit till break of day,  
And think of worlds, far, far away.

### III.

These briskly winds regaling  
My spirits light and brave,  
Will soon take up their wailing  
Around my lonely grave.  
And there they'll frequent rage and roar  
Till death's long reigning night is o'er.

### IV.

But while my dust lies lowly,  
Unseen by mortal eye,

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\*Angels.

My spirit blest and holy,  
Will shine above the sky.  
There, far removed from sin and pain,  
I'll never taste of death again.

## V.

I'm thinking, joyful thinking,  
Of paradise on high—  
I'm drinking, sweetly drinking,  
In pleasure from the sky.  
And while I speak with God in pray'r,  
I seem almost translated there.

## VI.

I'm feeling, deeply feeling,  
The debt of love we owe  
To mercy for revealing  
To mortals here below,  
A way of life so bright and clear,  
It brings eternal glories near.

## VII.

I'm closely here conversing  
With angels from above,  
And glad to them rehearsing  
Redeeming grace and love.  
The story is forever new  
To ransom'd men, and angels too.

## VIII.

I'm sighing, sadly sighing,  
O'er nations sunk in sin—  
I'm crying, ceaseless crying—  
Dear Saviour! haste, begin  
That great restoring day of grace  
Long promised to our fallen race.

## IX.

I'm weeping, bitter weeping,  
 For men as hard as steel;  
 They're all around me sleeping,  
 And neither think nor feel.  
 Oh! heavens! I agonizing cry,  
 Come save these sleepers, lest they die.

## X.

I see the light is breaking  
 Far over land and sea,  
 I see ten thousands waking  
 To christian liberty.  
 O! blessed day of gospel light,  
 Spread on till darkness takes its flight.

## XI.

I'm singing, joyful singing  
 To great Immanuel's praise;  
 The space around me ringing,  
 Sends back the tuneful lays.  
 Such praise is comely; aye, 'tis right,  
 And well becomes us day and night.

## XII.

The stars still throw their lustre  
 Around the spreading sky,  
 And now and then a cluster  
 Appears to cheer my eye.  
 But that's the star alone for me  
 Which rose at Christ's nativity.

## XIII.

O star resplendent shining!  
 I saw thee in my youth,  
 I

In sweetest forms combining  
 The beautiful with truth.  
 As thou didst bless my early days,  
 Still guide me, beauteous star, always.

## XIV.

I would be ever doing  
 What heaven appoints me to—  
 I would be still pursuing  
 My christian journey through.  
 Then suff'ring past and labors o'er,  
 I'll reach at last the heavenly shore.

## XV.

But, tell us, watchman, plainly,  
 Will Shiloh come and reign—  
 Is darkness striving vainly  
 Its empire to maintain?  
 "Dispel thy doubts, dismiss thy fear,  
 The world's redemption draweth near."

## THE DAY SPRING AND COMMISSION.

O! see how that beautiful light  
 Is streaming all over the sky;  
 Lo, darkness is taking its flight—  
 The Christian Millenium's nigh.  
 Hear, hear how the gospel's glad sound  
 Is spreading o'er island and sea,  
 The shores of each ocean resound  
 With shouts of the sav'd and the free.

Ye heralds, courageous and bold,  
    (Sustain'd by the promise of God,)  
Go forth like Apostles of old,  
    And publish salvation abroad.  
An urgent commission, indeed,  
    You hold in your minist'ring hands;  
Move on with your message in speed,  
    And bear it in joy to all lands.

Go, go where the Sultan now rules—  
    Where crescents are blazing so bright,  
And spread through their courts and their school,  
    The rays of the heavenly light.  
There, there where the Koran is read,  
    (They know not how great is their loss,)  
Go ye and proclaim to the dead  
    Salvation, by Christ and the Cross.

Where Czars hold their despotic sway,  
    And millions now bow to their nod,  
O haste you, blest heralds, to-day,  
    And set up the kingdom of God.  
There, there where the winter snows fall,  
    And bold winds are blowing so bleak,  
Go, publish redemption to all—  
    Alike to the Jew and the Greek.

Haste yonder 'neath Italy's sky,  
    Where peasants are feeling their wrongs;  
There lift up your voices on high,  
    And preach to the listening throngs.  
Yea, there where the lands are so fair,  
    And birds sweetly warble their lays,  
Make valleys and mountains and air  
    Resound with Immanuel's praise.

Rush on to the lands of the deep,  
Not bearing the sword nor the spear,  
But bearing to mortals that weep  
The message which dries up the tear.  
And wide o'er the isles left so long  
In darkness, and sadness, and gloom,  
O, wake up the Cherubim's song,  
And spread forth the light as the noon.

Far, far to the North and the South,  
To East and to West make your way;  
The tidings you joyfully bear  
Admit not a moment's delay.  
Go forth upon Africa's sands—  
Go forth upon Mexico's sod,  
And slack not the work of your hands  
Till all are converted to God.

You've often-times feelingly heard  
From heathen the loud sounding cry,  
"Oh, send us the life-giving word—  
Come help us, or soon we will die!"  
The cause is stupendous and great,  
Stay, stay not to calculate cost;  
Go swiftly, or else it's too late,  
And millions are hopelessly lost.

See, see how the nations all shake!  
What promising tokens appear;  
The day is beginning to break—  
The world's restoration is near.  
Fly, fly to the rescue, brave men,  
Lay hold upon buckler and shield,  
The vict'ry you'll surely obtain,  
Ere call'd from the great battle-field.

Your brethren are boldly engag'd,  
With fervor and sweetest accord—  
The youthful as well as the aged  
Are earnestly serving the Lord.  
On, on with the standard you bear,  
And shrink not from pain nor from toil,  
Till amply supported by pray'r,  
You've rear'd it on every soil.

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## THE GREAT AWAKENING OF 1858-59.

All hail to the Pentecost days  
Returning to mortals again!  
Ten thousands are joining in praise,  
And angels are shouting, Amen!  
The heralds are moving apace,  
And speaking by special command,  
While mighty revivals of grace  
Are spreading all over the land.

Pause, pause and consider awhile,  
What answers are given to pray'r!  
O, see on yon Emerald Isle,  
What works of salvation are there!  
That country which always has been  
Renown'd for its beauty and light,  
Now ransom'd from death and from sin,  
Is shining transcendently bright.

Around her sweet fountains and lakes,  
Enchanting to every eye,



The chorus triumphantly breaks,  
Arising from earth to the sky.  
Hark! hark how the ransom'd ones sing,  
And pour their rejoicings abroad!  
Hill, valleys and mountain-steeps ring  
With anthems they're raising to God.

O flow on thou light of the Lord!  
Flow farther, flow faster, flow still,  
Till all on the Emerald Isle  
Shall bow to Immanuel's will.  
Till over each field and each strand,  
From centre points round to the sea,  
Her millions of people shall stand  
And shout to the world, they are free.

Now turn to the mountains of Wales,  
And wonder and praise and adore;  
Her highlands, her fields and her vales,  
Are beauteous as never before.  
Sweet music is breaking out there—  
Sweet brightness is spreading around;  
The people assemble for pray'r,  
And joy and devotion abound.

The spirit in glory descends—  
Religion is bearing the sway—  
The foes of the Lord and his friends  
Awake to a wonderful day.  
Twelve myriads and more they record  
(A holy and consecrate band,)  
Have given themselves to the Lord,  
And glory is filling their land.

O, see how to Exter Hall  
The people are wending their way!

In London, the great and the small  
Are coming together to pray.  
Her heralds are speaking with lips  
All burning with heavenly fire;  
Her princes are rushing to hear,  
And queens in their royal attire.

See! yonder at old Aberdeen,  
Where holy men long ago trod,  
What crowded assemblies are seen  
Awaiting the coming of God.  
And all over Edinburgh now  
The pious are joining in pray'r;  
O, see how they weepingly bow,  
And seek an in-gathering there.

Turn, turn to blest Sweden your eyes,  
Whose waters are shining so bright,  
And see in the midst of her skies  
A new and a wonderful light.  
'Tis Bethlehem's beautiful star  
(Unspeakably brightest and best,)   
That's spreading its light there afar,  
And makes the inhabitants blest.

O, see how the deep darkness flies,  
And hear where the Baltic loud roars,  
What songs of salvation arise  
And echo all over these shores!  
Lo, millions have broken the bands  
Which bound them to sin's tyrant sway,  
And Sweden, blest Sweden, there stands  
A nation redeem'd in a day.

O, work of the Lord, hasten on,  
Increasing in power and in speed

## THE OLD AND NEW CREATIONS.

Along the bright banks of the Don—  
 Along the sweet braes of the Tweed.  
 Around the old Caspian Sea—  
 On shores of the Honduras bay;  
 Wherever vain mortals may be,  
 There spread out a heavenly day.

Where Danube is rolling its tide—  
 Where Volga is dashing along—  
 Where Biscay is spreading so wide,  
 And Alpines are standing so strong;  
 There, there carry peace to lost men,  
 And banish their darkness and wo,  
 Till Shiloh returns here again  
 To reign in his kingdom below.

Where Moscow was burnt to the ground—  
 Where Warsaw so terribly fell,  
 Spread blessings immortal around,  
 And save men from death and from hell.  
 Haste, haste to the rescue of souls—  
 Bring mortal long wand'ring to rest—  
 Spread light to the far distant poles—  
 Make kingdoms and nations all blest.

## THE OLD AND NEW CREATIONS.

Soon shall an angel stand  
 (The thing will surely be,)  
 With one foot on the land,  
 The other on the sea,  
 And loud proclaim from shore to shore,  
 That time which was, shall be no more.

A mighty trumpet blast,  
At that tremendous hour  
Will burst, from first to last,  
With such amazing power,  
That all the dead shall hear the sound,  
And rise immortal from the ground.

Then through the stormy skies,  
The Lord of hosts will come  
In grandeur and surprise,  
To fix the general doom,  
And so resolve the fates of men,  
They ne'er can be revers'd again.

The flaming heav'ns shall burn  
In livid fire that day;  
The mountains, in their turn,  
Melt down and pass away.  
The tossing sea will loudly roar,  
Then perish too, and be no more.

But there's a promise given  
In an immortal book,  
Of a new earth and heaven,  
For which the saints may look.  
What there is said will sure be done,  
The word is from the Holy One.

The sun which then shall rise,  
Will never, never set,  
But in th' eternal skies  
Grow brighter, brighter yet,  
And blaze and burn with quenchless light,  
For in that world "there is no night."

There saints forever live,  
 In joyful, joyful throngs,  
 There they forever give  
 To God, immortal songs.  
 Delighted there they range and roam,  
 Firm fixed in an eternal home.

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### JOYFUL SINGING.

When the Lord made this creation,  
 When he rais'd the wondrous frame,  
 Angels in their lofty station  
 Shouted loudly to his name.  
 Then they all in rapture singing,  
 (While they wonder'd at the sight,)  
 Set the vast expanse to ringing  
 With their songs of sweet delight.  
 The Morning Stars together sung—  
 Together chanted tuneful lays,  
 Till all the heav'ns stupendous rung  
 With their seraphic song of praise.

Jewish legions safely landing  
 On the banks of Egypt's sea,  
 There in joy and wonder standing,  
 At the thought they now were free,  
 Join'd, all join'd in sweetly praising  
 Him who made their cause his care—  
 Hallelujahs higher raising  
 Till their shoutings fill'd the air.  
 The sea sent back the thrilling sound—  
 Ten thousand thousands join'd the lay,

And hills and vales did loud resound  
With joyful singing on that day.

When the Lord, the sky forsaking,  
Came in mercy down to earth—  
When the happy morning breaking,  
Told the story of his birth;  
Holy angels brightly shining,  
Hasted there on rapid wing,  
And, in mighty choirs combining,  
Made the vast expansion ring:  
Yes, ring with such enchanting strains  
As mortals never heard before,  
Loud breaking on Judea's plains—  
Far sounding o'er old Jordan's shore.

When through earth they've told the story,  
And the Gospel triumphs won—  
When millennial days of glory  
In their brightness are begun,  
Then, in sweeter choirs than ever,  
All the earth will sing of peace,  
In such music strains as never  
Through a thousand years can cease.  
Lo! from the bosom of the deep,  
And from all kingdoms, far and wide,  
The swelling strains will rise and sweep,  
Loud sounding as the ocean's tide.

When the last great day is breaking—  
When old time is at its close—  
When the powers of nature shaking,  
Sink to chaos, whence they rose—  
When the dead, wak'd from their slumbers,  
Gather to the Judgment seat,

Then the saints, in countless numbers,  
Will each other joyful meet;  
All exulting, all adoring,  
Loud as thunders in the air,  
(Or, as mighty waters roaring,)  
They will sing the triumph there.

Welcom'd to a new creation,  
Form'd for them and angels too,  
There receiving full salvation,  
They'll awake the strain anew.  
Hear them blessing, shouting, praising,  
As they fill their places round;  
Higher yet their voices raising,  
Louder yet they swell the sound.  
Weeping, fainting, tiring never,  
Now they joyful, joyful sing,  
Praising sweetly and forever,  
Christ their Prophet, Priest, and King.

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## THE PASTOR ON LEAVING HIS CHARGE.

Dear Sanctuary ! Fare thee well—  
Adieu blest house of God !  
Within, without, around thy courts  
I've long and joyful trod.  
But now my labors here are o'er,  
The seasons all are past,  
I'll see thy stately walls no more  
While time and nature last.  
I love thee; yes, I love thee well—  
But, House of God, now fare thee well.

Thou sweetly singing Choir, Farewell !

No more I'll hear you raise

Your voices here on earth, to swell

The Great Jehovah's praise.

Our place of meeting next will be,

We trust, in that abode,

Where on to all eternity

We'll sing in praise of God.

I love you; yes, I love you well,

But sacred choir, now, Fare thee well.

Farewell, dear people of my charge—

A heart-felt, last adieu !

How oft upon appointed days

I've met and pray'd with you.

The sacred tie that bound us fast

Is rent now, rent in twain—

The parting day has come at last,

And we'll ne'er meet again.

I'm going hence, far hence to dwell,

Dear christian friends, a long Farewell.

O, why have I thus thoughtless said,

“We ne'er shall meet again.”

Must we descending to the dead,

Forever there remain ?

No, no, there is a world above,

Where some have gone before,

Where all the saints, in perfect love,

Will meet to part no more.

Yea, yea, dear brethren, there and then,

We'll joyful, joyful meet again.



## PASTOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS STUDY ROOM.

There is a place most dear to me,  
I prize it more and more;  
'Tis full of old divinity  
And books of useful lore.

These books I've had for many years,  
I know them by the touch;  
I've oft bedew'd them with my tears,  
I value them so much.

Perhaps you'll feel dispos'd to laugh  
At what I'm going to say,  
But here I spend at least one-half  
Of each alternate day.

And here I often pass the night,  
Till it is late indeed;  
This is my chosen time to write,  
As well as muse and read.

Lo! here I've sat while snows and rains  
Have long around me fell,  
And tried with greatest care and pains  
To meet engagements well.

And here I've thought with aching head—  
With sleepless, weeping eye,  
Of many number'd with the dead,  
And others soon to die.

Hark! hark again, that funeral bell!  
How oft it solemn tolls  
And speaks, with every sounding knell,  
The rapid flight of souls.!

I've often had enjoyments here  
I never can forget,  
Things to my soul so sweet and dear,  
I think upon them yet.

And here, too, many a tear I've shed  
O'er passions wrongly bent,  
Affection cold, and feeling dead,  
And precious time misspent.

What thoughts have here pass'd through my mind—  
What feelings mov'd my heart,  
I could not tell, if so inclin'd,  
The half or hundredth part.

Lo, here I've toil'd while many years  
Have come and pass'd away,  
Till now advancing age appears,  
And all my hairs are gray.

My strength is wasting, wasting fast,  
My work is almost done,  
The sinking sands within my glass  
Will soon be fully run.

Ere long I'll end my mortal race  
And sleep within the tomb;  
Then farewell, blessed, lovely place!  
Farewell, my study room.

## THE STRANGER'S VISIT.

A stranger with his little band  
Once cross'd the water o'er,  
And hasten'd to a peering land  
Where they'd not been before.

They went there at the evening fall,  
When toil had ceas'd again,  
To give the gracious Gospel call  
To wretched, dying men.

Whence came this wondrous visitor?  
Was it from Palestine,  
Whose distant hills were still in view,  
"While Jordan roll'd between?"

Did he come out from Egypt's land,  
With pity in his breast—  
With life and light at his command,  
To make these people blest?

He came from Heaven's supreme abode,  
(Not knowing noise or strife,)  
A holy legate sent from God  
To give the dying life.

He was the Great Immanuel,  
Of blessed, holy birth,  
Who for a time came down to dwell  
With men upon the earth.

He came in agony to toss,  
In bloody sweat to roll,

To bleed and die upon a cross  
To save the human soul.

He came to give believers hope—  
To soothe their anxious grief,  
And in the midst of pain and wo  
To furnish sweet relief.

He came to open wide the way  
That leads to rest on high,  
And give us triumph in that day  
When we are call'd to die.

And now upon this darken'd shore  
The mighty Saviour stands,  
With tidings glad upon his lips,  
And pardon in his hands.

But yet they had no feeling heart,  
For him no fond desire;  
They bade him from their shores depart—  
From off their soil retire.

He went—the God-man quickly went  
Forth from their dismal station,  
No more to bid these men repent,  
Nor offer them salvation.

He left them in one solemn hour,  
(You must not ask me why,)  
But left them to the Tempter's power  
To wander on and die.

## THE SOWER AND THE SEED.

When the early morning breaketh  
And the light begins to spread,  
Then the faithful sower waketh  
From the slumbers of his bed.

To his field he promptly goeth,  
Full of faith and love divine,  
Where the seed of truth he soweth,  
For the coming *harvest time*.

While the noon-day sun is shining,  
On he goes with strength and speed,  
Toiling still, without repining,  
While he sows the precious seed.

When the evening dews distilling  
On the dry and thirsty ground,  
He is yet his task fulfilling,  
Scatt'ring holy seed around.

When the Summer heat is burning,  
Still to it he gives no heed;  
Into lane and alley turning,  
There he sows the precious seed.

When the winter snow is falling  
On the mountain, on the plain;  
Hark ! to God for help he's calling,  
While he sows the precious grain.

Lo, while other men are sleeping,  
From all care and trouble freed,

He toils on, oft sadly weeping  
As he sows the precious seed.

Thus with liberal hand he soweth  
Seed, which may for ages lie  
In the ground, but well he knoweth  
This blessed seed can never die.

While his body resteth sweetly  
In its slumb'ring bed below,  
This blest seed will spring and meetly  
To a glorious harvest grow.

While on high his spirit's singing  
Songs of joy and hymns of praise,  
Christ is faithful, faithful bringing  
To the church her *harvest days*.

There he'll see; yes, see it plainly,  
While he thinks of all his toil,  
Not one seed was given vainly  
To the rugged, earthly soil.

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## THE OLD SANCTUARY.

Upon yon sacred ground,  
An aged building stands,  
With shade trees growing fair around—  
Put there by careful hands.  
The walls are much decay'd,  
The galleries are no more,  
The seats are broken down and laid  
In ruins on the floor.

Its steeple rude is there,  
With rusted vane and rod,  
Still rising lonely in the air,  
And pointing up to God.  
Its sides admit the rain,  
Its fences lowly bow,  
It is indeed an ancient fane,  
And all forsaken now.

Beneath these wide spread trees  
The ground has long in trust,  
What God with special favor sees,  
The relics of the just;  
No grave-stones large display  
The places where they sleep,  
But there the angels night and day,  
Their faithful watches keep.

My kindred lay there, too,  
In silent graves around,  
And what'er this may be to you,  
To me 'tis sacred ground;  
Methinks I see them there  
On holy days of rest,  
All gath'red to this house of prayer,  
In comely costume dress'd.

Methinks I see them pray—  
Methinks I hear them sing,  
Till with six hundred voices they  
Make all the building ring;  
Methinks I see again  
The man of God arise,  
And loud proclaim to dying men  
Salvation from the skies.

Methinks I see some weep,  
But many more rejoice,  
While others, greatly harden'd, sleep,  
Under the preacher's voice.  
And thus I see them come  
To hear, and praise, and pray,  
Till each on earth his race has run—  
Till each has pass'd away.

And now their work is done  
For all eternity;  
Some have a crown of glory won,  
Some, thoughtless, lost their day.  
The house they freely built,  
Though old and waste, still stands,  
But they, in pardon or in guilt,  
Have pass'd to unknown lands.

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### THE MOULDERING BONE.

As once I walked the strand alone,  
I chanc'd to find a mould'ring bone.  
I took it up, survey'd it well,  
What bone it was I could not tell;  
But soon the thought rose in my mind,  
This bone is one of human kind,  
Which once, no doubt with grief profound,  
Was laid to moulder in the ground.  
But though, in usual way intomb'd,  
Yet somehow since it's been exhum'd,  
And left, without protecting care,  
To moulder in the open air.



As I was gazing on the bone,  
Methought I heard a solemn moan,  
A low-like voice, which softly said,  
"This bone, O man, is firmly wed  
To blest Immanuel in the skies,  
And hence will soon triumphant rise  
To dwell with him upon his throne,  
A beauteous, bright, immortal bone."

This said, I gently with my hand  
Laid down the bone upon the strand,  
Then turn'd me round to leave it there  
Still mouldering in the open air.  
But as I slowly pass'd away  
I heard a secret whisper say:  
That bone which thus so lonely lies  
Expos'd to waste from earth and skies,  
Belong'd to one whose faith, whose creed,  
Made him a *noble* man indeed.  
He serv'd the church, as all can tell;  
He serv'd the State, too, long and well,  
He went and came at every call,  
To honor God and man and all.  
He founded *institutions great*,  
(Some early in his life—some late,)  
To stand in time of need, and be  
The strength of law and liberty.  
He planted temples with his hand,  
To be the bulwarks of the land;  
To give us light, to guide our way  
When things of court and state decay.  
He set on foot such projects new  
That men admir'd and prais'd them too,  
Each day devising some great plan

To benefit the race of man.  
His countrymen have writ his name  
Upon their books and rolls of fame,  
And long as suns shall rise and set,  
This man will be remember'd yet.

Although no part of prince or king,  
This bone is still a priceless thing;  
Its worth no mortal man can tell,  
'Tis partner with Immanuel.  
'Twill therefore live another day  
When changing time has pass'd away.  
When Angel trumpets loudly sound,  
'Twill rise immortal from the ground—  
When human thrones are prostrate hurl'd,  
'Twill triumph o'er a ruin'd world—  
When mightiest empires crushing fall,  
'Twill feel no hurt from them at all—  
When hills and vales dissolve in fire,  
(Caught by the pow'r of God up high'r,)  
'Twill live on some immortal shore  
To be a mould'ring bone no more.

Hence, while it lays so lowly here,  
It is to God and Angels dear.  
They keep a careful watch around  
The place it rests upon the ground,  
And as they claim it for their own,  
They'll suffer naught to harm the bone.

Proceed then, stranger, on your way,  
And leave that bone unburied lay;  
It needs no pity, man, from thee,  
It needs no human sympathy.  
(You've stoop'd again with awe profound,

To raise it from the mother ground,  
And bear it off from hence apace  
To lay it in some better place.)  
Discharge it, stranger, from your hand,  
Lo, 'tis your Maker gives command;  
Without a sigh, without a frown,  
Go lay it quickly, gently down,  
Just where you found it let it be,  
'Tis born to highest destiny.

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## THE CEMETERY.

I'm here alone, and all is drear,  
Dark clouds above me roll,  
And now and then a secret fear  
Comes stealing o'er my soul.

I do not fear at all to die—  
I do not fear the grave;  
I know there is a rest on high,  
And God is strong to save.

But things eternal while I'm here  
Are present to my view,  
In such a way they make me fear,  
And greatly tremble too.

I seem to see One on a cloud,  
With banners bright unfurl'd—  
With trumpets sounding long and loud,  
Coming to judge the world.

I seem to see the tears still shed  
In thousand dwellings round,  
By kindred weeping o'er their dead,  
Now resting in this ground.

I seem to hear the wailing strains  
Of many more, who soon  
Will pass away, in dying pains,  
To moulder in the tomb.

These corpses lately, one and all,  
Were moving on the earth,  
But now they sleep, the great and small,  
Each in its lonely berth.

The storms may thunder o'er their heads—  
The lightnings play around,  
But this will not disturb their beds,  
Nor wake their sleep profound.

The busy day is almost pass'd—  
I see the setting sun;  
The evening shade is falling fast,  
The people's work is done.

They soon will sleep, all silent sleep  
The lonely night away,  
And lay, in solemn darkness, hid  
Until the break of day.

So what of time remaineth yet  
For us, will soon be o'er—  
Our sun of life will quickly set  
And we'll be here no more.

Lo, then we'll slumber, side by side,  
Deep in the silent dust;

All that have gone before have died—  
All that come after must.

I need not ask, Why must we die—  
Why yield to such a doom?  
Transgression brings mortality,  
Sin lays us in the tomb.

But did not Shiloh, in our stead,  
Descend into the grave,  
And sleep himself among the dead,  
A guilty world to save?

No angel minds can penetrate  
This mighty mystery;  
'Tis higher than the heavenly state—  
'Tis deeper than the sea.

Had I the heavens at my command  
For thousand thousand years,  
Or could I govern with my hand  
The mighty rolling spheres!

Had I ten thousand lives to live  
In holy works and ways—  
Had I ten thousand hearts to give  
In holy love and praise!

I'd give them all without delay,  
To be forever thine;  
And thousand more, if but I may,  
Blest Savior! call thee mine.

O could I die in thine embrace—  
Reclining on thy breast,  
Not creatures of an angel race  
Could be so sweetly blest.

No fears, no cares, could me annoy;  
I'd calm resign my breath,  
And lose all fear amid the joy  
Of such a happy death.

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## SCENES OF SINAI AND THE LAST DAY.

Beneath the dark impending cloud,  
Which cover'd Sinai's hill,  
Was heard a trumpet sounding loud,  
And loud and louder still.

The raging tempest gather'd fast,  
The mount was red with flame,  
And when one mighty roar was past,  
Another mightier came.

The trembling tribes, which on that day  
Stood near and heard the roar,  
At hearing once, besought that they  
Might never hear it more.

It shook creation far and near,  
It shook the solid ground,  
It fell so dreadful on the ear  
No one could bear the sound.

But while they stood aghast and heard  
These sounds terrific roll—  
While every fear within was stirr'd  
And trembling seized the soul;

'Twas but a feeble warning given,  
To let them timely know  
What mightier sounds will break from Heaven,  
When Judgment trumpets blow.

The flames which burn upon that day  
Will never burn again,  
The earth and heav'ns consum'd, will lay  
In smold'ring ashes then.

The waves that dash on every shore  
(Now wrapt in burning fire)  
Will make their last loud, mighty roar,  
Then suddenly expire.

Black tempests, in their wildest forms,  
Will sweep o'er sea and land,  
And tear creation with such storms  
As nothing can withstand.

One last loud thunder peal will break  
Above each rising hill,  
The trembling earth to atoms shake,  
Then all be calm and still.

Amid the vast unbounded waste,  
Those sleeping in the clay  
Will rise and to the Judgment haste.  
*Upon that burning day.*

The Great Jehovah, Lord of Hosts,  
Will straight divide between  
The good and bad, the saved and lost,  
And this will end the scene.

## DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, thou bright, effulgent sun,  
The glory of the skies,  
Long have thy beams in brightness shone  
To bless my mortal eyes.  
I'm going where a brighter sun  
Illumes the boundless sphere,  
Than that (a mere created one)  
Which shines refulgent here.

Farewell, thou waxing, waning moon—  
Ye twinkling stars of light—  
Ye glitt'ring splendors of the noon,  
And darkness of the night.  
I'm going where I'll be a star,  
And shine with fadeless ray,  
In an eternal world afar,  
Where all is perfect day.

Farewell, ye fountains of the deep—  
Ye murmuring streams that flow—  
Ye howling winds which fiercely sweep  
Through all this world below.  
I'm going where the stream of life  
Flows pure forever more;  
No winds engag'd in angry strife,  
Beat on that heavenly shore.

Farewell, ye mountains, rising high  
Above the ground we tread—  
Ye rattling thunders of the sky,  
Which fill my soul with dread.



I'm going to Immanuel's ground,  
Where all is bright and fair;  
There are no tempests gath'ring round,  
Nor thunders rattling there.

Farewell, ye seas immense, sublime,  
Ye mighty waves that roll  
Far to the shores of every clime,  
And sweep from pole to pole.  
I'm going where there's no more sea,  
And no more dread, nor pain—  
No ships in fearful jeopardy,  
Toss'd on the stormy main.

My native country, fare thee well!  
Thou art most dear to me,  
Great land where all my kindred dwell,  
Sweet land of liberty.  
I'm going where the Angels sing—  
Where trees immortal stand—  
Where beauties of eternal Spring  
Spread o'er the blissful land.

Farewell, ye sunny banks and braes,  
Ye shady trees and bowers,  
Ye birds that warble sweetest lays  
'Mid Spring and Summer hours.  
I leave you, but I go to dwell  
In worlds far out of sight,  
Along with great Immanuel,  
In endless blaze of light.

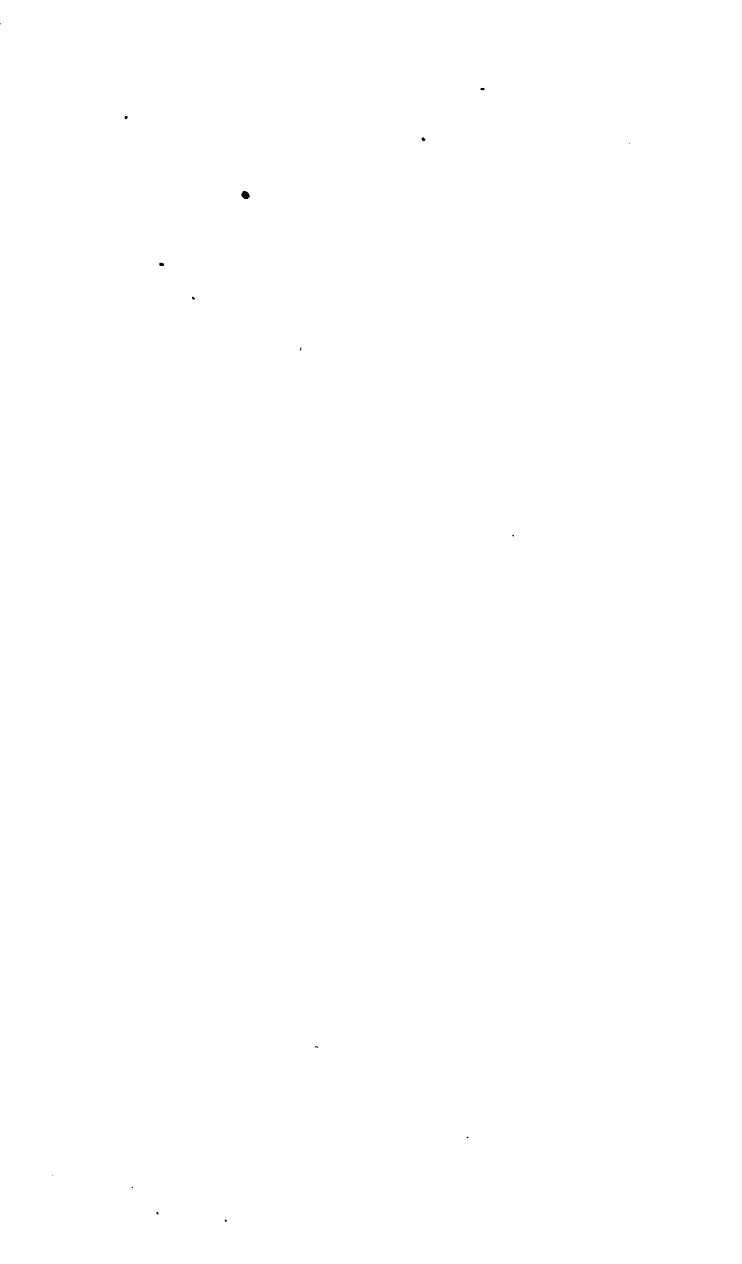
Farewell, my dwelling place on earth—  
Ye chambers where I've laid—

Ye play-grounds where I've had my mirth,  
And closets where I've pray'd.  
I'm going to the spirit world,  
Where mortal never trod—  
A world enduring as the soul—  
The dwelling place of God.

Farewell, ye groves, I'm done with you—  
Farewell, thou verdant lawn!  
My days on earth are now but few,  
I'm waiting to be gone.  
I think I see a golden crown  
Held out from yonder skies;  
I long to lay this body down,  
And fly and take the prize.

I leave my body, soon to die,  
Old graveyard, in thy care;  
Through rolling years of time 'twill lie  
Reposing sweetly there.  
It is with joy I lay my dust  
To moulder in the clay;  
The ground will keep the sacred trust  
Safe till the Judgment day.

Then my Almighty, Heavenly Friend,  
Will bid that dust arise,  
And I'll triumphantly ascend  
To meet Him in the skies.  
And there, amid the boundless bliss,  
I'll sing through endless days;  
Mine is the perfect happiness,  
And His shall be the praise.



# REFLECTIONS ON THE WAYS OF MANKIND.

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Truth and humor, and "more truth than poetry."

1. DIVERSION.
2. THE MIND NEGLECTED.
3. NOVELTY OF THE TIMES.
4. FEMALE BEAUTY WITHOUT AND WITH SENSE  
OF MIND.
5. THE TERMAGANT.
6. UNBRIDLED TONGUE.
7. HANGMAN'S DAY.
8. THE INEBRIATE.
9. THE COUNTRY RIGHTED.
10. YOUNG AMERICA.
11. THE FANATIC.
12. SELF CONCEIT.
13. THE LUNATIC.
14. SABBATH BREAKERS.
15. THE LUCRE MANIA.
16. THE MAN OF HONOR.
17. ENTERPRISE AND MAGNANIMITY.



## DIVERSION.

Sometimes we must recur to fun,  
When knowledge is all spent,  
To do by this what can't be done  
By solid argument.

The lawyers oft resort to sport,  
Assur'd it will prevail,  
To sway the members of the court  
When other things all fail.

The clergymen try anecdote;  
With them it mostly rests  
To tell what witty authors wrote,  
To entertain their guests.

Such anecdote at proper time,  
And happily select,  
(Especially when put in rhyme)  
Will have a fine effect.

Some will have fun at all expense,  
Whatever may befall;  
They'll have it with, or without sense,  
Just any way at all.

It seems to me, unless we must  
In some compulsive way,  
Raise up a smoking, choking dust,  
We'd better let it lay.

'Tis so with ill-timed jest and joke  
In poetry or prose;  
It mostly takes effect on mind  
As smoke affects the nose.

'Tis sore indeed to be compell'd  
To hear for twenty years,  
The tamest things incessantly  
Repeated in our ears.

Say, can we entertainment find  
In tales for ages told ?  
They once could interest the mind,  
But now they're quite too old.

What's been repeated o'er and o'er,  
A simpleton can tell;  
But it requires a man of *lore*  
To be original.

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### THE MIND NEGLECTED.

'Tis sadly true, as all confess,  
We're growing fond of show and dress,  
And thus we stand affected—  
We seek in vain and foolish pride  
To decorate the outward side;  
The inward is neglected.

Our appetites are far too strong,  
We eat too much, we eat too long,  
And this is a calamity;  
The mind is tortur'd every day,

And sick and pain'd, it pines away,  
And sinks to half insanity.

We give ourselves too much to glee—  
To studied mirth and levity  
In this state of probation.  
We have no time for sober thought,  
Substantial things are little brought  
To our consideration.

We tear our hands and tax the brain,  
We every nerve and muscle strain  
To gather wordly treasure;  
But, tell me, when or where we'll find  
A man who cultivates the mind  
With equal care and pleasure.

There's little here\* that strangers see  
In city or vicinity,  
Which makes a good impression.  
The country round is far too rough,  
As farmers we're not neat enough,  
Nor chaste in our profession.

The state of things on every side  
Shows want of culture, taste and pride,  
Relating to improvements:  
We move too slow upon the stage,  
Hence falling quite behind the age  
In great, important movements.

We must bring science to our aid,  
And show from hence we're not afraid  
Of books; for here's the fact, Sir,

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\*Reference to parts of the land where people are strangely adverse to improvements.



If we would serve the church or State,  
We must get knowledge in the pate  
And learn first how to act, Sir.

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## NOVELTY OF THE TIMES.

'Tis strange indeed, surpassing strange,  
The way that mortals do;  
Times, manners, feelings, all things change—  
There's ever something new.  
It seems to me we've come to be  
Like Satyrs in their dances,  
We spend the night in revelry,  
And sleep while day advances.

There was a time when old folks talk'd,  
And young folks loved to hear them;  
But children do the talking now  
And great men must revere them.  
Society's improving fast,  
(Alas, how long it tarried,)  
The olden day has pass'd away  
And *babies* now get married.

The gentry wear such fuzzy stuff  
Around their mouth and chin,  
We're puzzled quite to know the way  
They get their luncheon in.  
These men of fashion, North and South,  
(As Brownlow, taunting, said)  
Have more of wool about their mouth  
Than hair upon their head.

Like bunchy things the ladies spread,  
Wide sweeping as they go,  
They've precious little on their head  
But plenty down below.  
The dress won't do without the trail,  
(There's one to every flirt,)  
Which like the serpent's wagging tail,  
Goes dragging in the dirt.

We're crazy-like, and wild as loons,  
Men, women, children, *all*;  
The woman-kind wear pantaloons,  
The men put on the shawl  
Alack-a-day! the times have chang'd  
(Except with very few;)  
That most of mankind are derang'd,  
Is plain from what they do.

I hate to see a people give  
Themselves to form and fashion,  
Until a vile fastidiousness  
Becomes the ruling passion.  
In such a case the high and low  
Both spend their time in fooling;  
It always has and will be so,  
When mind like this is ruling.

'Tis sad to think how false we are,  
What madness must possess us,  
To leave the good of life afar  
And take the bad to bless us.  
But so the fact has always been  
In every age and nation,  
That those who've long indulg'd in sin  
Are deaf to reformation.

## FEMALE BEAUTY WITHOUT AND WITH SENSE OF MIND.

Mere beauty is a worthless thing,  
It fades away like flowers of spring,  
And leaves no trace behind;  
Then those who for effect rely  
On such a trifling vanity,  
Have little sense of mind.

Yet numbers make it all their pride,  
And seek no other store, beside  
Some outward charms and graces;  
They raise their crested bonnets high,  
And hope to find each wand'ring eye  
Reposing on their faces.

Alas! how vain such fair ones be!  
If we would only beauty see,  
Let's gaze on other creatures;  
The linnet, bee and butterfly,  
Are quite as pleasing to the eye  
As handsome maiden's features.

Prithee, behold the pearls and gems  
Which glitter in bright diadems,  
And tell me, if you please,  
What mingled beauties rich and rare,  
Are found upon a lady fair,  
To be compar'd with these?

Behold yon tints of beauteous hue—  
Of red and yellow, pink and blue,  
Oft pictur'd on the sky,

And tell me, what on human face  
There is of finest form and grace  
So charming to the eye.

How false and fulsome it is, then,  
For courtiers vain and flatt'ring men  
To speak the fair one's praises,  
In fustian style where naught is found  
But pompous words and empty sound,  
And pure bombastic phrases.

Yet beauty join'd with *wisdom's* grace  
Does well become a lady's face,  
And makes her worth a king.  
Let ornament in woman be  
Combin'd with sense and piety,  
*And she's a comely thing.*

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## THE TERMAGANT.

Shall woman, taken from the side  
Of man, to be his lovely bride—  
Shall she that's form'd so sweet a thing,  
To bless and comfort, smile and sing,  
Attempt with dread tyrannic sway  
To rule the man from day to day?  
*O this will never, never do,*  
*'Tis neither holy, just, nor true.*

May she, not thinking once of harm,  
Take charge herself of field and farm—  
Presume to manage goats and flocks,  
The frantic horse, the stubborn ox,

And venture thus to play the man,  
Whene'er she will, whene'er she can?  
*O this will never, never do,*  
*'Tis neither holy, just, nor true.*

Without a husband for a guide—  
Without a brother by her side,  
May she go roving far away  
And mix with strangers every day,  
And so proceed from place to place  
With restless mind and brazen face?  
*O this will never, never do,*  
*'Tis neither holy, just, nor true.*

May she, unless commander chief,  
In everything sit down in grief,  
And bold declare she's not been used  
To be oppress'd, to be abus'd;  
And thus indulge in freaks and taunts,  
Until we give her all she wants?  
*O this will never, never do,*  
*'Tis neither holy, just, nor true.*

Shall she that's call'd an angel, be  
A monster in humanity—  
Shall she on ruin madly bent  
Become a wretched termagant,  
And oft with pelting strokes and noise,  
Combat the stoutest men and boys?  
*O this will never, never do,*  
*'Tis neither holy, just, nor true.*

The sacred books throughout declare  
• If woman would be woman fair,  
She must be mild as summer day,

And put her frantic tricks away.  
She must be gentle, chaste and kind,  
To peace and order strict inclin'd,  
And then in view of all she'll be  
*A form of bright humanity.*

That is a happy country when  
Regard for the relation,  
Between the women and the men  
Is had in every station.  
Both acting wisely in their place—  
The fathers and the mothers  
Will make a blessed rising race  
Of sisters and of brothers.

When virtue in the female mind  
Appears in light and beauty,  
The other sex will feel inclin'd  
To right perform their duty.  
But 'tis conceded every where,  
The Misses and the Matrons  
(Of all that's amiable and fair)  
Must be the standing patrons.

The comely woman makes the man,  
The careful man the nation,  
And this is God's adopted plan  
To regulate creation.  
But when the men must take the lead  
In all the softer graces,  
Then 'tis a sad affair indeed  
To male and female races.

## UNBRIDLED TONGUE.

You see that skimming airy kite  
Which soars without a wing,  
It owes the dangers of its flight  
To too great length of string.

So with the tongue in either sex,  
Both men and angels know  
It chiefly owes its bad effects  
To lengths we let it go.

It is a buzzing, busy thing,  
More busy than the bee—  
It is a noisy, restless thing,  
More restless than the sea.

Now it takes up a lengthen'd tale  
About some doleful dream,  
The Banshee with its dismal wail,  
Or ghost that's nightly seen.

Then straight it tells of other days—  
Of mighty works and men—  
Of things so wonderful, indeed,  
They ne'er can be again.

There is a fire, all dread and dire,  
It kindles round about,  
And men and beasts and birds will tire  
Ere they can put it out.

Celestia was a pretty maid,  
And often sweetly sung,  
But while she lived, it was her trade\*  
To slander with her tongue.

Lucinda gabbles like a hen,  
And races like a hare;  
Whate'er she hears she tells again  
And spreads it everywhere.

She is the tattler of the town,  
And wears out many shoes  
In running swiftly up and down,  
And telling all the news.

Clarissa lifts her voice so high  
When she's in earnest speaking,  
The howling tempest passing by  
Can scarcely drown her squeaking.

You see that leaf upon the tree,  
Wild flying in the air,  
Which, though it flutters fitfully,  
Still keeps its stem-hold there!

'Tis so with man's unbridled tongue,  
The nimblest thing we find,  
Though loosely on a pivot hung,  
Yet keeps its hold behind.

The flippant thing moves fast, indeed,  
And keeps on all the day,  
But while it runs with light'ning speed,  
It never runs away.

Thou mussy, fussy, pussy tongue!  
What shall be done with thee?  
'Twixt nose and chin thou hast been hung  
And there we'll let thee be.

~~and~~ The business she wrought at.



## HANGMAN'S DAY.

There is a day for mighty sport—  
For general recreation,  
When gravest members of the court,  
And men of every station  
Come forth to have a wild foray,  
Upon the merry *Hangman's Day*.\*

The hoards attending at the schools,  
The polish'd classic scholar,  
The busy folks, the idle fools,  
The man that loves his dollar,  
(A handsome wager here I lay)  
Will all be out on *Hangman's Day*.

The jolly farmer quits the plough,  
The nursing wife the cradle,  
The milk-man leaves his dairy now,  
The butter maid her ladle,  
And off they go, all light and gay,  
To sing and dance on *Hangman's Day*.

Aunt Jennie buys herself new shoes,  
Aunt Katie gets a bonnet,  
And Mary, Maggie, Sal, and Suse,  
Are all intent upon it,  
To make a very grand display  
Upon the joyful *Hangman's Day*.

Grandmothers, with a vacant stare,  
And sweet and pretty lasses,

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\*A hit at public executions and the custom of all sexes and classes assembling to witness them.

## HANGMAN'S DAY.

And rosy maids, will all be there,  
Close mingling with the masses.  
They joyful come, they mirthful stay,  
Hurrahing on the *Hangman's Day*.

The girls and boys of every age,  
The merchant and the miller,  
The politician, saint and sage,  
The heartless old distiller,  
Be it September, March, or May,  
Will sure be out on *Hangman's Day*.

Should all the sky be overcast  
With tempests loudly roaring—  
Should floods of rain come falling fast  
In mighty torrents pouring,  
Yet still they'll come to sport and play,  
And shout and sing on *Hangman's Day*.

See! how they gather like a cloud,  
And rush with bursts of laughter,  
Some leading on the noisy crowd  
And others following after;  
A rich carouse we'll have, they say,  
Upon this jolly *Hangman's Day*.

No matter what the time may be—  
No matter what the season—  
They'll not regard propriety—  
These men have lost their reason.  
'Tis all in vain to preach or pray,  
They'll have their sport on *Hangman's Day*.

When mortals act devoid of thought  
And feeling, too, in measure,  
Then gravest things are set at naught

And turn'd to guilty pleasure.  
 'Tis this which oft prepares the way  
 For yet another *Hangman's Day*.

Instead of wildly sporting now,  
 I should be realizing  
 How great the grace to me, and how  
 Mysterious and surprising  
 The hand that kept me, else I'd been  
 The victim here instead of Him.

### THE INEBRIATE.

There's scarce a creature that we see  
 So fallen from his state—  
 So much debas'd and vile, as the  
 Confirm'd inebriate.

How swollen, bloated, is his face—  
 How foetid is his breath,  
 A loathsome object of disgrace,  
 Who fast approaches death.

See! how he stammers, staggers, reels,  
 And sallies as he goes!  
 Sometimes he's whirling on his heels  
 And sometimes on his toes.

They seek him round his dear abode,  
 But seek him in despair;  
 He's fallen on the public road,  
 And slumbers senseless there.

For him the wakeful eye oft weeps—  
The bosom heaves its sigh,  
While there he lies and nightly sleeps,  
And sleeps perhaps to die.

This wretched man once went to school  
And learn'd to write and read,  
But O! he's now a mighty fool,  
A very brute indeed.

His heart has grown as hard as steel—  
His soul is steep'd in sin,  
No power on earth can make him feel  
The deep disgrace he's in.

But onward in his crimes he goes,  
A public plague and curse;  
Now subject to a thousand woes,  
And dally growing worse.

What shall this toper's title be?  
Come tell us if you can!  
A heartless beast, a swine is he,  
And all things but a man.

---

## THE COUNTRY RIGHTED.

I love to see my countrymen  
Conduct like sons and brothers;  
If some would have right done to them,  
To do the same to others.  
Without it mischief's in the mind,  
Pure malice in the feeling,

And we're a host of knaves combin'd  
To live by fraud and stealing.

'Tis sad when madmen in affray  
Set horrid war to going,  
Not thinking all the while that they  
The seeds of death are sowing.  
They'll never fight themselves, at all,  
But seize upon some stranger,  
And make him bear the pain and toil,  
While they keep out of danger.

When tyrants fall, the masses sing—  
There's joy among the people;  
If it were meet, the bells would ring  
Aloud from every steeple.  
All through this land at midnight hours,  
While millions round are sleeping,  
Fond mothers o'er their fallen sons  
Are long a bitter weeping.

Time was when glory, like a flood,  
Spread o'er this happy nation,  
But now its soil is stain'd with blood  
And spread with desolation.  
O that an angel from the skies  
Would, at some favor'd season,  
Descend, and to our sweet surprise,  
Restore us to our reason.

Come, let us, as a nation, stand  
With hearts and hands united;  
If dreadful wrongs are in the land,  
Oh! let them soon be righted.

Methinks the Sovereign Judge will send  
Some vengeful strokes of thunder,  
To smite the men who dare to rend  
And keep these States asunder.

Upon the coming wrathful day,  
May gracious heav'n forbid it,  
That I should hear my Maker say,  
" 'Twas you, vile wretch, that did it."  
The dire offence indeed has come,  
But oh! the men who brought it,  
May be to endless years undone,  
Though they have little thought it.

---

## YOUNG AMERICA.

With buoyant spirits tow'ring high,  
Our gallant youth resolved to try  
What they could do, all blithe and gay,  
To newly shape America.

They felt that they were brave and strong,  
And hence agreed to drive along,  
At rapid, yea, at furious rate,  
The gallant moving Ship of State.

With recklessness, and joy, and glee,  
They launch'd upon a dangerous sea,  
And dash'd ahead, impetuous there,  
With all their sails spread to the air.

Without a proper helm to guide  
The vessel through the rolling tide—  
With light freight on, they sped so swift,  
The brave old schooner went adrift.

The youngsters, fill'd with sore affright,  
Now set to work with all their might  
The tide and tempest to withstand,  
And bring the vessel back to land.

But all their efforts were in vain—  
She struck on rocks and broke in twain;  
Some wept, some utter'd piercing wails,  
But all agreed to reef the sails.

They tried to stay each falling mast,  
Perceiving now they'd mov'd too fast,  
And all exclaiming o'er and o'er,  
"We'd better, boys, have stay'd on shore."

The workmen came, and *fore* and *aft*,  
Toil'd hard to mend the broken craft,  
But all without the least effect—  
She was a vessel sorely wreck'd.

Thus ended the experiment  
Of youngsters, in their merriment,  
Attempting proudly in their day  
To newly shape America.

*When we've all learn'd to treat with care  
The heritage, so bright and fair,  
Our fathers gain'd at greatest cost,  
We'll save the prize from being lost.*

## THE FANATIC.

He's always a debater,  
But seldom in the right—  
A frantic agitator—  
He's at it day and night.  
He rushes on, by frenzy led,  
Where better men have fear'd to tread.

He's just as blind a creature  
As if he had no eyes,  
Whoe'er may be his teacher,  
'Tis vain to make him wise.  
A single thought reigns in his mind,  
To all beside he's deaf and blind.

He thinks he's just and holy,  
And hence the man, forsooth,  
To judge, and do it solely,  
Of righteousness and truth.  
Great Solomon himself must yield,  
While this conceit is in the field.

Instead of growing milder  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
This man's becoming wilder,  
And more estrang'd from God.  
The chastisement, however sore,  
Makes him more frantic than before.

He drives along in fury,  
With frenzy on his brain,



The statute, judge, and jury,  
Are treated with disdain.  
All former things—all works and laws  
He tramples down to gain his cause.

With zeal that's fiery burning,  
And recklessness as great,  
This wretch is overturning  
The pillars of the State.  
To save the country, by and by  
We'll hear the startling battle cry.

If you begin to reason,  
He squirms and seems to be  
Held writhing for a season  
In dreadful agony.  
Then stern he'll look and fiercely cry,  
"Vile creature, you deserve to die."

Above what God has written  
He's seeking to be wise;  
A man that's folly-stricken,  
And as such, lives and dies.  
Try all the arts that mortals can,  
'Tis hopeless to reform *this man*.

Could we, in faith abiding,  
Just take the Book Divine,  
And read (the Spirit guiding)  
With meekness every line,  
How soon 'twould fill the mind with light,  
And set what's wrong in mortals right.

## SELF-CONCEIT.

Two men were standing in their pride,  
And talking loud together,  
About the stormy wind and tide,  
And changes of the weather.

The one affirm'd that he could see,  
Three days before its coming,  
When rain, descending rapidly,  
Would set the streams to running.

The other turn'd himself around  
(His name was Morgan Blucher)  
And quaintly ask'd, "Is man profound  
Enough to know the future?"

Then to his friend he promptly said,  
In fitful mood of laughter:  
"I've only knowledge in my head  
To tell it the day after."

This done, they quickly climb'd the fence,  
And from each other parted,  
The one a man of common sense,  
The other simple-hearted.

A person empty as the wind  
(But vastly self-conceited)  
May not indeed have grossly sinn'd,  
Yet can't be kindly treated.

He's not, forsooth, a braying mule,  
But comes so near unto it,

If there's a way to play the fool,  
He's almost sure to do it.

When one comes up in self-conceit,  
And shows it in each feature,  
I'll freely any madman meet,  
But not this noisome creature.

I love a truly modest man,  
Who scorns all bold assumption,  
And says and does the best he can,  
Apart from mere presumption.

Instead of false self-confidence,  
And vain attempts at knowing,  
He trusts a careful Providence  
To regulate his going.

---

### THE LUNATIC.

As I was standing by the walk  
The other day at noon,  
I heard two men engag'd in talk  
About the mystic moon.  
You know, said one, that magic orb  
Has such amazing power,  
We must be govern'd by its signs  
To prosper for an hour.

Unless the moon points with its horn  
Directly to the sky,  
'Twill be in vain to plant the corn—  
The stalks will wilt and die.

If we attempt to make the fence  
 Exempt from lunar aid,  
 'Twill be of little consequence,  
 The whole must be new made.

Go plant a hill of Lima beans,  
 (It may seem strange and droll,)  
 But if it's done in wrong of moon  
 They'll not run up the pole.  
 If we presume to make the hay,  
 Regardless of the moon,  
 'Twill shrink and shrivel all away,  
 And go to nothing soon.

Unless the sign (whene'er a child  
 Is born) be in the head,  
 'Twill live a brainless, senseless thing,  
 And better far be dead.

*So on he went, referring still  
 To other things as true  
 About that magic orb, until  
 He'd told his story through.*

The other listen'd with a smile,  
 Then spread his eyelids wide,  
 And in a quaint sarcastic style  
 To these remarks replied:  
 The eye's the door through which we peep,  
 The window of the mind,  
 Must not the sign be there to keep  
 The child from being blind?

Must not the sign be in the feet  
 When one comes on this ball,

Or otherwise he'll all be leg,  
And have no feet at all.  
Must not the sign be in the neck  
(You need not look demure,)  
When sinful man is born, or else  
He'll die by hanging sure.

The worst by far of all effects,  
Which are now or can be  
Made by that orb on either sex,  
Is dreadful lunacy.  
To your philosophy, dear friend,  
I answer plain and quick,  
If you on things like these depend,  
Your half a lunatic.

Why should we to some planet look  
To guide our doubtful ways,  
But fail to read God's Holy Book,  
And give him proper praise.  
Delusion ne'er can help the mind,  
But truthful science can;  
*Whoever to the light's inclin'd,  
True light will guide that man.*

---

### THE SABBATH BREAKERS.

Some youthful heroes late conven'd  
Beneath a shady tree,  
And there discours'd, in words like these,  
About their liberty:

Must we toil on through all the week  
Unceasingly, said they,  
And not an hour of pleasure seek  
Upon the Sabbath day?

Why should the angry heavens forbid  
Us, thus to sport and play?  
We do just what our fathers did  
When they were young and gay.  
Our fathers! they were honest men,  
Renowned for sober sense;  
So what they did, we'll do again,  
Nor fear the consequence.

No matter what the prophets said—  
No matter what they taught,  
As they have long and long been dead,  
It all must go for naught.  
The Bible once had binding force—  
To it men had to bow;  
But as it's old, it can't of course  
Restrict our freedom now.

If we are wrong, may heaven forgive  
Such sinners as we be,  
But 'tis our purpose while we live,  
To take this liberty.  
*Yes, yes, proceed and take your fun—  
You'll have your suff'rings too;  
When future days of reck'ning come,  
They'll come with stripes for you.*

## THE LUCRE MANIA.

There is an evil, sore indeed,  
From which our country must be freed,  
Or all will come to pressing need—  
It is the rage for *money*.

There was a time when virtue ruled—  
When men in this were nobly school'd,  
Nor could they then, at all, be fool'd  
With paltry stuff like *money*.

This priceless virtue now is dead—  
Our wisdom too has almost fled,  
And men and boys are captive led  
To sordid love of *money*.

They think it well to be refin'd—  
To have a staid and lofty mind,  
But thousand times would rather find  
Some way to get the *money*.

To read the word, to sing and pray  
And act the christian part each day,  
Is excellent; these people say,  
But nothing to the *money*.

They speak of training noble youth—  
They speak of justice, goodness, truth,  
But all with them is naught, forsooth,  
Except the getting *money*.

They talk about religion, too;  
But all of this they ever knew,

(If what the prophets said be true,)  
Consists in hoarding *money*.

There's nothing, nothing to be found,  
Through all the vast creation round,  
That makes so sweet and soothing sound  
To certain men, as *money*.

They'll sell their right of home and birth,  
They'll sell the best things on the earth,  
And heaven itself, with all its worth,  
In mad pursuit of *money*.

They'll search the murky mountain cave,  
They'll even ransack tomb and grave,  
And play the rascal and the knave  
Anon, to get the *money*.

They think it's so with other men—  
That all will do the same things, when  
A fit occasion's offer'd them,  
For artful speculation.

And have we not some ground to fear,  
If traitor Arnold now were here,  
He'd laugh to see so many near  
Akin to him in av'rice?

Of old there lived a dastard Jew,  
Who sold his Friend and Saviour too,  
For *thirty pieces* (very few)  
Of shining silver *money*.

He would no word, no warning heed,  
But took the bribe, perform'd the deed,



And made the great Messiah bleed  
To gratify his passion.

We weep to hear Immanuel tell  
How deep in woe one Dives fell,  
Because he lov'd so long and well  
His darling, darling *money*.

Oh! misery dreadful! madness great!  
That man should make himself a mate  
To Belial's crew, then take their fate  
In death and hell, for *money*.

But yet we've men enough *this* day,  
If things be as reporters say,  
Who'll barter soul and all away  
For trifling sums of *money*.

Great sin! no pen, however free,  
Employ'd in writing history,  
Gives such a bad account of thee  
As that which wrote the Bible.

Bad, bad thou art, as seers have told—  
Bad everywhere, in young and old—  
But worst of all in that strong hold  
Thou hast on Christian people.

And have all men become so poor  
In nobler thoughts, there is no cure  
For it, but we must long endure  
The workings of the evil?

O 'tis exceeding hard to know,  
While actors in this world below,

Just how much time we may bestow  
On simply making *money*.

But yet, methinks, 'tis harder still  
To bring the heart, and mind, and will,  
The Scripture precepts to fulfil,  
In justly using *money*.

To be a miser will not do;  
The wanton spendthrift's reckless too,  
And hence there are but very few  
Who fitly gauge this matter.

To live and labor year by year,  
Devoted to the love and fear  
Of Him who puts and keeps us here,  
Will make us rightly use it.

If we but feel it and believe  
That we should give as we receive,  
And by this prudent precept live,  
We'll surely not abuse it.

---

### THE MAN OF HONOR.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man, in full, who'll never be,  
At home, abroad, or anywhere,  
Connected with a mean affair.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man who will not, cannot see

The just condemn'd, the weak oppress'd,  
And leave them suffering unredress'd.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man who can't be made to flee  
When danger comes, but must and will  
Be true to trust and duty still.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man who knows no perfidy—  
Who keeps his word at all expense,  
And cares not for the consequence.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man that scorns all bribery,  
Who can't be rul'd, or bought, or sold,  
With paltry stuff like shining gold.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man of faithful memory,  
Who bears in mind, from day to day,  
What he's engag'd to keep or pay.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man of fixed integrity—  
The man who will do all things well—  
The man throughout of *principle*.

*The man of honor ! Who is he ?*  
The man of well-tried piety—  
The man who treads where prophets trod—  
The man who fears and honors God.

One thinks that he is doing well  
To live devoid of principle;

He simply seeks to gain his cause,  
Without regard to men or laws.

A man like this, I've always thought,  
Will in his tricks at length be caught;  
A pupil, trained in Belial's school,  
Will own himself at last a fool.

---

## ENTERPRISE AND MAGNANIMITY.

I hate to see a people blind,  
While they suppose they're sage,  
In fondly keeping far behind  
The movements of the age.  
I hate to see a people slow,  
While they are hale and strong;  
Refusing all their lives to go,  
Unless they're forc'd along.

I love to see men wide awake,  
And bright, and brave, and free,  
Who show in all they undertake,  
Great magnanimity.  
I love to see a people just  
And true to all their laws;  
Who do the right because they must,  
In honor to the cause.

We ne'er can rule by money power—  
We ne'er can rule by might;  
We must be honest every hour,  
And simply rule by right.

If we attempt it otherwise  
Than in this truthful way,  
We'll lose the favor of the skies,  
And bitter rue the day.

I love to read the history  
Of men of noble souls—  
Whose noble daring, noble deeds,  
Are writ on deathless scrolls.  
My Country! (glorious all around,)  
How happy would I be  
If men like these could still be found,  
To guide and govern thee.

---

## THE GUIDE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Some look to *reason* in the mind of man  
To first suggest, then govern, every plan  
Which we must use, consulting time and place,  
To shape the conduct of the human race.  
But, from experience, sages gravely own  
Dependence on this power and this alone;  
Has signal fail'd to give complete success  
To plans design'd for human happiness.  
Some look to *conscience*, chief within the soul,  
To exercise a fixed and stern control  
O'er all the thoughts and feelings of the mind,  
And, through them, shape the conduct of mankind.  
But while this scheme's been tried and tried again,  
It always has and will be tried in vain—  
The moral sense, however deep and strong,

Can ne'er secure our race from going wrong.  
Some look to vague *tradition* (handed down,  
Through ages long, from father to the son,)  
To guide their laboring minds and actions right,  
Not less in man's than in Jehovah's sight.  
But this has fail'd far oft'ner and far more,  
Than both the plans we've spoken of before.  
To lead men safely to those righteous ends,  
On choice of which true happiness depends,  
The *Word of God*, forever wise and true,  
Is giv'n—a light to safely guide us through  
Those ways of life, from dang'rous error free,  
Which lead to bliss and long prosperity.  
If we with wanton mind and perverse heart,  
Contemtu'ous from this perfect guide depart,  
We'll go, as many thousands go, astray—  
First leave our guide, then lose our prosp'rous way.

## EXPLANATION.

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When the author obtained his own consent to publish this little book of poems, he began to examine his manuscripts and make selections for the purpose. In doing this, he threw certain portions together as constituting parts for the work, designating them by the regular numbers, and, at the same time, specifying the general themes and the particular subjects included in them. In this form they were handed to the publisher, and in this form they have appeared. They are not, therefore, the several parts of a whole subject, but the division parts of a book, as the contents annexed to them signify. This method is somewhat unusual, but it seems to the author preferable to the publishing of them promiscuously and without any order, as is the case with poetic works of this kind generally.

In addition to the plan thus adopted, a complete table of contents is given here at the close of the book.

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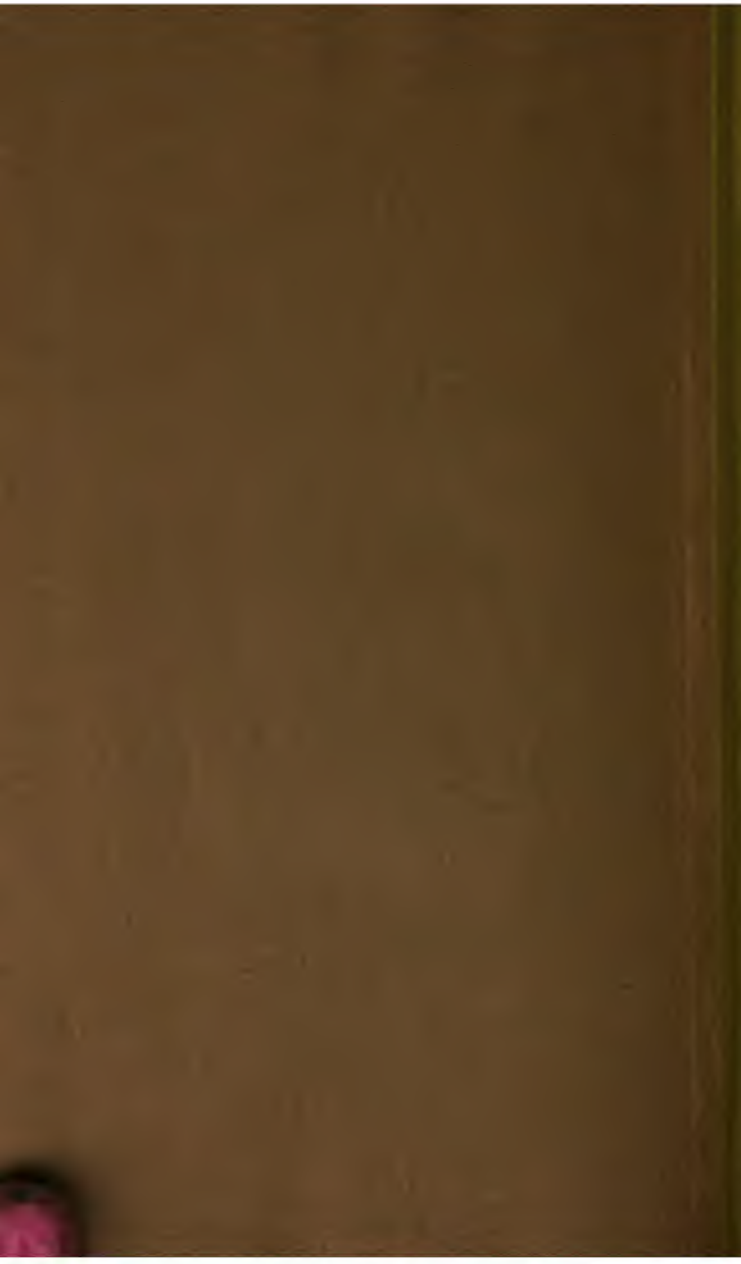
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